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LUX IN TENEBRIS.

LOST, and within a scattered forest straying,
The soft green vaulting of columnar trees
Above me, and the haze of sunset spraying
The nested songsters at their evening glees,

I seek all vainly for the sun to guide me
West towards his chamber through the
darkening grove;
But glimmering mists conceal him, though
beside me
The air is clear, screened by the boughs
above.

When lo! upon the mouldering greensward
lying
Dim, ghost-like shadows front each gnarled
tree,
Which tell me where the lord of day is dying:
So darkness points to light I cannot see.

My soul, of late in drearier depths repining,
The emblem takes, and hopes for liberty:
Let Doubt become a vassal to thy shining,
And lead my wandering steps, O Truth, to
thee!
Chambers' Journal. ERIMUS.

TO HIS LOVE

(WHO IS YOUNGER THAN HE).

WHAT shall I call thee — Song-bird? Sweet-
heart mine?
How shall I woo thee? — if, in truth, I dare
To cast my shadow on that path of thine;
To braid my silver with thy golden hair!

How shall I woo thee? Stretching forth my
hands,
As elms in spring stretch forth their boughs
to greet

Wing'd wanderers from sunny far-off lands?
Ah, seek some younger, fresher shade, my
sweet!

Thy nest should be a bow'r of blossoms rare;
Thy shade should be all perfume, and thy
lay
Pour'd forth upon the summer-spiced air
Of some soft clime, where it is always May.

Alas, my boughs are tempest-toss'd and shorn!
My roots have struck the rock — my leaves
are shed.

Shall winter mate with spring, or eve with
morn?
Despair with hope? The living with the
dead?

Yet come, if come thou wilt! For well-nigh
due

Is God's great miracle, when earth and sky,
Mountain, and moor, and copse, their youth
renew —

And if the daisies, dearest, why not I?

I wak'd last night from dreams of spring,
and, lo!

The first dear crocus shows its head to-day;
And yonder limes are crimson'd with the glow
Of the imprisoned summer! Come away!
Away, dear love, to meet and greet the spring!
Unfold, ye buds! Laugh out in leaf, ye
trees!

Come, perfum'd winds, your laden sweetness
bring
From tropic isles beyond the western seas!

Sing, sing, ye thrushes! To our northern
shore,
Dear swallows, from the purple east fly
fast!

Darkness and doubt and winter are no more —
The eternal youth of hope is mine at last!
Academy. AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

COMPANIONSHIP.

AFTER some thought that leaped life's bound-
ary

Unto that icy night that broods afar,
Beyond the gleam of the remotest star,
The night from whence we came and whither
flee,

A gulf of darkness and vacuity;
Ultimate dread and doom of all that are,
With which the throbbing pulses are at
war,

As a scared child affrighted by the sea;

With what a shuddering speed we seek again
The living contact of our own home-fire,
Whose ruddy comfort bickers higher and
higher,

Round which the dear familiar faces stand,
Clasping the warmth of reassuring hand,
Happy to be aware of even pain!

Cornhill Magazine.

THE LIGHTHOUSE, BIARRITZ.

No home of pleasure or dear household days,
But a bleak tower whose single beauty lies
In the bright flame piercing the murky skies,
And lighting far-off seamen on their ways.

Shaken by rain or storm that madly plays
About the rough-hewn stones; where break-
ers rise

And toss their foaming crests, as horse that
hies

To the far goal, or shaggy hound that bays
At castle gate and would an entrance win.
There are a few such brave beleaguered souls
Who bear a beacon light, and hear the din
Of a great strife below, and the winds oft
Would ruthlessly beat them down, but the wave
rolls

And breaks — leaving their steadfast flame
aloft.

Academy.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

From The Westminster Review.

THE SWISS CONSTITUTION.

THE Swiss Constitution, in its present form, is the product of two tendencies. The first has helped to subordinate the maintenance of cantonal rights to the attainment of federal unity; the second has had the effect of giving almost universal practical expression, alike in the cantons and in the Confederation, to the principle of the sovereignty of the people. It is mainly in consequence of the operation of those two tendencies that the political system of Switzerland, reconciling as it does the welfare and security of the whole with the local claims and diversified institutions of the component parts, and blending harmoniously the parliamentary and the democratic form of government, presents to the observer a spectacle of deep and unique interest.

The essential characteristic of federal government is that each of the States which combine to form a union retains in its own hands, in its individual capacity, the management of its own affairs, whilst authority over matters common to all is exercised by the States in their collective and corporate capacity. It is evident that serious differences of opinion may arise with regard to the respective prerogatives of the two sovereignties which are thus brought into existence, and the delimitation of their respective spheres of action. More than ten years elapsed before the loose and imperfect connection which had been formed between the American States by the Articles of Confederation was exchanged for a real and effective union by the great settlement of which the hundredth anniversary has just been celebrated at Philadelphia. A similar transition from a *Staatenbund* to a *Bundesstaat* was effected in Switzerland during the first half of the present century. The Federal Pact of 1815, itself the result of a reaction against the excessive unification introduced at the time of the revolutionary wars, contained in itself the seeds of its own dissolution; imposed as it was by the aristocratic families, which, like the Bourbons, had "learned nothing and forgotten nothing," and maintained, in a great measure, through the efforts of the Catholic

clergy, it met with the persistent antagonism of the Liberal elements in the country; but it was only after a protracted period of bitterness and strife, culminating in the Sonderbund war, that the Constitution of 1848 established upon a satisfactory basis the relation of the cantons to the Confederation. In order to satisfy the new wants and the new conditions that have arisen since that day, it has become necessary to draw still closer the bond of union, and to increase yet further the power of the central government. Armed discord, however, has long since given way to peaceful agitation, and the Constitution of 1874, carried by the votes of three hundred and forty thousand citizens, opposed only by one hundred and ninety-eight thousand, has done little more than work out in a more complete and logical form the principles laid down in 1848.

Under the existing arrangement the cantons are still declared to be sovereign in so far as their rights have not been delegated to the federal authority. They are bound, however, to refrain from inserting in their constitutions provisions at variance with the express enactments of the Federal Constitution; so that it would be impossible, for instance, for the government of a canton to abolish the liberty of the press, or the right of public meeting, or the equality of citizens before the law. The conduct of foreign affairs is delegated, as a matter of course, to the Confederation, though the cantons retain the right, under special circumstances and subject to federal revision, of concluding extradition treaties and other arrangements of minor importance with foreign powers. The same is the case with regard to the organization of the army; though it is upon the cantons that devolves, in part, the duty of carrying the military law into execution. They have to appoint all officers below the rank of colonel; they keep the military registers, and provide the necessary stores and equipment for the troops. All expenses thus incurred are subsequently reimbursed by the Confederation. Some cantons, however, notably Berne, are manifesting at the present time a natural anxiety to be relieved from what is to them an irksome and unprofit-

able task. Elementary education is in the hands of the cantons, subject to the control of the Confederation; throughout Switzerland it is compulsory, gratuitous, and open to all without distinction. The provision and organization of higher education rest with the cantons; the Zurich Polytechnic, however, belongs to the Confederation, which also grants subsidies to other institutions. The federal government owns the postal and telegraphic system; it enjoys the monopoly of spirits, as well as the exclusive right of coinage and of the manufacture of gunpowder; it controls the issue of bank-notes; it orders the execution of public works affecting the interests of the community at large; and numerous questions of social and economic importance, such as those which relate to railways, factories, insurance companies, bankruptcy, copyright, debt, marriage, the law of contract, and general measures of sanitary precaution, fall within the purview of the federal sovereignty. As a rule, however, the Confederation confines itself to the work of legislation and general supervision, leaving to the cantons, as far as possible, the duty of administering the law. In spite of the concentration of powers effected by the Constitutions of 1848 and 1874, the cantons still exercise unlimited sovereignty in regard to certain matters; each has, for example, its own land laws, its own system of taxation, its own administration of justice and police.

The exigencies of the dyarchy, or dual sovereignty, of the cantons and of the Confederation, necessitate an equitable distribution of resources. The customs constitute the principal source from which the Confederation derives its revenue. To this should be added the interest on the federal fortune, invested in land and other securities; the profit obtained from the postal and telegraphic services, from the manufacture of gunpowder, and (under the new law) from the spirit monopoly, and half the receipts from the tax imposed upon persons exempt by reason of physical infirmity from the obligation of serving in the army. The Confederation is also entitled to certain contributions from the cantons, the amount of which was

fixed in 1874 for a period of twenty years, and which vary in proportion to the estimated wealth of the canton, from ten to ninety centimes per head of population. Hitherto, however, it has not been found necessary or desirable to have recourse to these contributions. The federal government has now put an end to the octroi duties (*ohmgelder*) on spirits formerly levied by certain cantons, but in other respects has no control over the method by which they may choose to raise their revenue. In several instances they have established a graduated income-tax. Experience alone will teach the cantons how far it is possible to go without driving away capital.

It stands to reason that, with the increase in the number and importance of the questions that have been brought within the competence of the Confederation, the Swiss Parliament, or Federal Assembly, has acquired more weight than it formerly possessed. It was established in its present shape in 1848, with the object of creating a representation alike of the Swiss people as a whole, and of the various States of which the Confederation was constructed. Of the two chambers into which it is divided, the National Council is elected for three years by manhood suffrage, on the basis of one member for every twenty thousand inhabitants, care being taken, however, that the constituencies shall not overlap the boundaries of cantons; while the Council of States, the lineal successor of the old Diets, is composed of forty-four representatives, two from each canton, the divided cantons of Unterwalden, Appenzell, and Basel returning one member for each of their divisions. Members of the National Council are paid by the Confederation, members of the Council of States by their respective constituencies. A bill has to pass through both chambers before it can become law, and, as will be seen later on, the process does not always end at that point.

In a democratic country the position of the executive presents features of greater interest than the position of the legislature. The Federal Council constitutes no exception to the rule. It is chosen for

three years by the two chambers, which sit together for the purpose. The seven members of whom it consists apportion among themselves the duties connected with the headship of the different departments of the administration; until lately, for instance, the president of the Confederation retained in his hands the so-called political department, including the conduct of foreign affairs, which is now, however, being organized on a new and separate footing; whilst of the other members of the Federal Council one has the Home Office (corresponding to our Local Government Board and Education Office combined), one the Department of Justice and Police (analogous to our Home Office), one the War Office, whilst a fifth has charge of the finances, a sixth looks after the interests of commerce and agriculture, and a seventh administers the post-office and exercises control over the railways. Their solidarity is as great as the solidarity of English Cabinet ministers; in theory each is responsible for all, and all are responsible for each. The amount of detail with which a Swiss federal councillor is able himself to deal would surprise the Cabinet ministers of larger countries, who, with a greater volume of work to transact, have, as a rule, a briefer and more precarious tenure of office, and are in consequence more completely at the mercy of the permanent officials. Most shades of political difference (with the exception of the Ultramontane Right and of the Extreme Left) have at various times, and sometimes simultaneously, been represented on the Council, but no practical difficulty has been experienced. Twice only since its foundation in 1848 have federal councillors resigned office on the avowed ground of political divergencies from their colleagues, and twice only have retiring members who presented themselves for re-election failed to be returned.

The president of the Confederation is elected for one year by the Federal Assembly from among the federal councillors, and is not allowed to hold that office during two consecutive years. His power is considerably less than that which is accorded to the president of the United States; he does not, for example, enjoy

the right of veto, the presidential veto of America being replaced in the Swiss political system by another check, of which the working will be explained farther on. Again, the American president is in reality an English constitutional monarch, who has become elective, and who exercises every-day powers which in the hands of English sovereigns have been allowed to remain in abeyance. Subject, it is true, to the consent of the Senate, he chooses his own ministers, who are responsible to him. The Swiss president, on the other hand, is, as the phrase goes, *primus inter pares*. He is merely the foremost among the members of the executive. In fact, it is in the Federal Council as a whole, rather than in the president of the Confederation, that one must look for a parallel, though a very imperfect parallel, to the president of the United States. In the hands, however, of the present occupant of the presidential office, M. Numa Droz, a man of great ability, the position assumes far more importance than would appear likely from a mere analysis of the functions which the Constitution calls upon him to perform; for it must be borne in mind that not only is he entrusted with a certain control over the various departments of the executive, and not only does he represent Switzerland in the eyes of foreign nations, and has frequently in that capacity to take the initiative in matters of general policy, but his personal influence is felt within the Federal Assembly itself. Indeed, one of the most admirable features in the Swiss Constitution is the arrangement in virtue of which a federal councillor is allowed to explain his views, to introduce bills, and to render an account of his actions, alike in the National Council and in the Council of States; and that in spite of the fact that if, as is almost invariably the case, he belonged originally to one or other of the two chambers, he is compelled, on acceptance of office, to vacate his seat and to be replaced at a bye-election. The system has been found more convenient than that of presidential messages to Congress. The executive secures immunity from ministerial crises, without ceasing to be in touch with the legislature. If ever it is found desirable

in this country to place, as has often been suggested, at the head of the War Office or of the Admiralty one who is not himself a member of Parliament, and who is consequently less swayed by the fluctuations of party feeling, it may perhaps be well to effect such a constitutional innovation as will permit him to appear either before the House of Commons or before the House of Lords to expound and explain the policy of his department.

The functions of the Federal Tribunal were considerably enlarged in 1874. Not only has it to deal with questions of law arising between the Confederation and the cantons, or between one canton and another; or, again, between the Confederation or a canton on the one hand and individual citizens or corporations on the other; but ordinary lawsuits affecting sums exceeding £120 may, if both litigants agree, be referred to its decision. It is also entrusted with a criminal jurisdiction in the case of offences against the Confederation. The Federal Tribunal, however, does not possess the power, conferred upon the Supreme Court in the United States, of declaring a law to be null and void on the ground that it is contrary to the Constitution. The decisions of the Federal Tribunal cannot run counter to the principles laid down by the Federal Assembly. Administrative disputes, moreover, are in general referred, not to the Federal Tribunal, but to the Federal Council.

Such, then, are the results of the tendency which has brought about and consolidated the unity of the Confederation, whilst reserving to the cantons the greatest latitude compatible with the maintenance of that unity. At a time when men are discussing the nature of the relation which ought to subsist between the imperial Parliament and the subordinate legislatures, which may be expected to arise first in Ireland, and subsequently in other parts of the United Kingdom, it is instructive to turn to the consideration of the manner in which similar problems have been solved elsewhere. Of course no analogy can be perfect, and historic and other causes interfere to prevent an institution which may suit one nation from being applicable to another. How great, however, is the contrast between the Pays de Vaud as it was in the last century, a mere *bailliage*, treated as a conquered country by the canton of Berne, and the Canton de Vaud as it is now, enjoying the complete management of what are specifically and distinctively its own affairs! In

some respects the powers retained by the cantons are greater than those sought to be conferred by any statesman upon an Irish legislature; no one, for instance, has suggested that it should exercise sovereignty over any one domain of legislation, but merely that it should be endowed with delegated powers. And yet, with the exception of the uncontrolled right of taxation, which might be a source of danger if the Irish land question had not previously or simultaneously been settled by the imperial Parliament, it is difficult to point to any one power exercised by the Grand Council and by the Council of State in the canton of Vaud which might not with safety and with advantage to the best interests of the United Kingdom be placed in the hands of an Irish legislature and an Irish executive.

It now remains to consider what has been the working of the second of the two tendencies to which the Swiss Constitution is mainly indebted for its present form, and which has brought about the triumph of the democratic system alike in the cantons and in the Confederation. The results of that tendency constitute the most interesting and distinctive feature in the political arrangements of Switzerland. When Rousseau attacked the representative system, and declared that Englishmen renounce their freedom at a general election, inasmuch as they hand over to a few of their number the rights which they are entitled to exercise in their own corporate person, he appeared to be placing before the world a political ideal founded upon his acquaintance with Plutarch and his experience of the Genevese republic, and to which it was unreasonable to suppose that a modern State, with its comparatively wide area and complex organization, could by any possibility attain. Yet, if Rousseau had lived at the present day, he would have witnessed the strange spectacle of a whole people, composed of heterogeneous elements and occupying a distinguished place in the history of human progress, taking a direct share in the work of legislation; not by holding a general election on a single issue, as is sometimes done in England, with the result that the issue is generally obscured by irrelevant considerations; nor, again, by responding to an isolated and practically revolutionary appeal, such as that which constituted in France the *plébiscite* of 1852; but by frequent participation, in due course of law, in the task of deciding by their votes whether a particular measure shall or shall not be passed.

The superstructure of direct democracy in Switzerland has, no doubt, for its historic basis the continued existence of such institutions as the *Landsgemeinden*, or national collective assemblies, which familiarized men's minds with the notion of the direct exercise of sovereignty by the people themselves. Under the Helvetic republic of 1798, which reduced the old and diversified institutions of the country to one dead level of uniformity, the *Landsgemeinden* in question were abolished wherever they existed, in order to make way for the representative system. They were, however, re-established by Napoleon's Act of Mediation, promulgated in 1803, and may still be seen at work in the cantons of Uri, Appenzell, Glarus, and Unterwalden. It is unnecessary to trace in detail the gradual operation of the tendency, as exhibited in the one hundred and twenty revisions of cantonal constitutions which have taken place since 1814. The revolutions which, in 1830 and the years that followed, placed the representative system in most of the cantons on a more popular basis, contained also the germs of changes even more vital in character. St. Gall, for example, introduced in 1831 a popular veto on laws passed by its representative assembly; and its example was followed, more or less completely, by Basel, Lucerne, Berne, and some of the other cantons. If the doctrinaire radicalism which owed its inspiration to Rousseau contributed largely towards hastening the advent of the democratic system, it is also true that the application of the new principles was carried out, in some instances, by the reactionary party, for its own purposes. Thus the establishment of the popular veto in Lucerne was the result of the counter-revolution of 1841, which set up what contemporary writers termed a "theocratic ochlocracy;" whilst Valais, one of the least progressive of the cantons, had two years previously adopted a similar provision, and three years later introduced, though only for a short time, and under ecclesiastical influence, a system of compulsory referendum under which all, or nearly all, laws had as a matter of course to be submitted to a popular vote.

It was, however, between 1860 and 1870 that the system developed with the greatest rapidity. In 1860 only 34 per cent. of the citizens of Switzerland exercised sovereignty, in cantonal matters, in their own persons, while the remaining 66 per cent. exercised that sovereignty through their representatives. In 1870 the number of

the former had risen to 71 per cent., while the latter had sunk to 29 per cent. The years that have elapsed since then have witnessed a further increase on the one hand, and a corresponding diminution on the other. At the present time a veto, in virtue of which laws passed by the cantonal legislature are referred to a popular vote on the demand of a given number of citizens (varying, according to the size of the canton, from five hundred to eight thousand), within a given time (usually thirty days), exists in the cantons of Lucerne, Zug, Basel-city, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, Ticino, Vaud, Neuchâtel, and Geneva. Valais has a partial referendum, confined to financial matters: any proposal involving the increase of a tax by more than 1½ per cent., or the expenditure of more than 60,000 francs, requires the assent of the people. A compulsory referendum has been established in the cantons of Zurich, Berne, Schwyz, Soleure, Basel-land, Grisons, Aargau, and Thurgau; it means that no law can be passed, and that no expenditure exceeding a certain amount can be incurred, without being sanctioned by a popular vote. Within the same category must be reckoned the *Landsgemeinde* cantons. For convenience' sake the popular "votations," under the system of compulsory referendum, are generally so arranged as to take place twice in every year, in the spring and in the autumn. In some cantons, too, a given number of citizens (varying from one thousand in Zug to five thousand in Zurich) enjoy the right of taking the "initiative" in presenting subjects to the consideration of the legislative assembly, and in demanding a popular vote thereon; that right exists in Zurich, Zug, Soleure, both divisions of Basel, Schaffhausen, Aargau, Thurgau, Vaud, Neuchâtel, and the *Landsgemeinde* cantons. Fribourg is now the only canton in which the sovereignty of the people is not exercised directly.

The federal organism, too, has felt the influence of the new ideas. The Constitution of 1848 contained the provision that the cantonal constitutions should in every case have been accepted by the people before they received the federal guarantee, and should be liable to revision on the demand of an absolute majority of the citizens of that canton. It enacted, moreover, that at any time fifty thousand citizens may demand that the question whether or not the federal constitution shall be revised, shall be submitted to a popular vote. If the voice of the people returns an affirmative answer, the National

Council and the Council of States have to be dissolved, and at once re-elected, for the express purpose of carrying out the revision; and lastly, the result of their labors is referred to the people, and has to be accepted both by a majority of the citizens who go to the poll and by a majority of the cantons, so that not only the sanction of the nation as a whole, but also of the various component States, may be accorded to the proposed change in the Constitution.

A further development of the principle was embodied in the Constitution of 1874, the 89th article of which declares that "federal laws are submitted to the people for adoption or rejection on the demand either of thirty thousand citizens or of eight cantons; and the same rule applies to federal decrees of general bearing and not of an urgent character." Out of 113 laws and decrees passed by the Federal Assembly between 1874 and the end of 1886, which were capable of being submitted to the referendum, 94 were allowed to remain uncontested, whilst out of the remaining 19, upon which a popular vote was taken, 13 were rejected and only 6 accepted. It may be inferred from these figures, as well as from the operation of the referendum in the cantons, that the bulk of the people move more slowly than their representatives, are more cautious in adopting new ideas and trying new legislative experiments, and have a tendency to reject proposals that are presented to them for the first time. There is no doubt, too, that a certain number of cantons, which had opposed the Constitution of 1874, placed themselves, for a time at least, in systematic opposition to legislation promoted by the federal government. An analysis of the votes recorded shows that the strongest opposition has come, as a general rule, from the inhabitants of Fribourg, Uri, Valais, Unterwalden, Geneva, and Vaud, whilst Thurgau, Zurich, and Glarus have been conspicuous by the large proportion of votes recorded within their borders in support of federal laws. The measures relating to marriage and *état civil*, to factories, to the St. Gothard subvention, to the penalty of death, and to the spirit monopoly, are those which have passed successfully through the ordeal of the referendum. The abstentions are not as numerous as might be expected. Sixty-two per cent. of the citizens qualified to vote took part in the recent "votation" on the spirit monopoly bill. The largest percentage was to be found in Aargau, the smallest in Ticino. The pro-

posal was supported by 66 per cent. of the actual voters; and Fribourg, Soleure, Inner Appenzell, and Geneva were the only cantons in which there was not a majority in favor.

Thus it is that a condition of things has been brought about, in which the sovereignty of the people is no longer a speculative doctrine, imperfectly recognized and often evanescent, but a living reality. That a whole people, in a country numbering as many as three millions of inhabitants, should be called upon to pronounce an opinion upon particular questions involving a certain amount of special knowledge, may, indeed, appear at first sight to be the *reductio ad absurdum* of the democratic idea. In reality, however, the issue which is presented to the sovereign people is invariably and necessarily reduced to its simplest expression, and so placed before them as to be capable either of an affirmative or of a negative answer. In practice, therefore, the discussion of the details is left to the representative assemblies, while the people express approval or disapproval of the general policy and of the general principles embodied in the proposed measure. Public attention is thus concentrated on the issue at stake, instead of being distracted by the party leaders; and the collective wisdom, no longer perplexed and bewildered by personal appeals and influences, decides the question on its own merits with a view to what it regards as the common good.

In the opinion of those whom experience and insight have rendered most competent to judge, the combination of representative institutions with the direct exercise of popular sovereignty is well calculated to promote the welfare of a people occupying the peculiar position in which the Swiss are placed. The discipline of self-government in the commune, and the training afforded by an effective system of education, have qualified them for the practice of direct democracy in the cantons and in the Confederation. The chief drawback of the referendum consists in the possible diminution of the feeling of responsibility in the members of the representative assemblies. That disadvantage, however, is amply outweighed by the educative effect which the system exercises on the great bulk of the citizens, by disposing them to recognize the necessity for the careful discharge of the duties involved in their rights, and by inspiring them with constant solicitude for the well being of the State to which they belong.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
"THAT GIRL IN BLACK."

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

PART IV.

As Despard heard the steps coming nearer he looked round uneasily, with a vague idea of hurrying off so as to escape observation. But when he tried to stand up and walk, he found that anything like quick movement was beyond him still. So he sat down again, endeavoring to look as if nothing were the matter, and that he was merely resting.

Another moment or two, and a young man appeared, coming hastily along the path by which Despard had himself made his way into the shrubbery. He was quite young, two or three and twenty at most, fair, slight, and boyish-looking. He passed by Mr. Norreys with but the slightest glance in his direction, but just as Despard was congratulating himself on this, the new-comer stopped short, hesitated, and then, turning round and lifting his hat, came up to him.

"Excuse me," he said, "do you know Lady Margaret — by sight? Has she passed this way?"

He spoke quickly, and Mr. Norreys did not catch the surname.

"No," he replied, "I have not the honor of the lady's acquaintance."

"I beg your pardon," said the other. "I've been sent to look for her, and I can't find her anywhere." Then he turned, but again hesitated.

"There's nothing the matter, is there? You've not hurt yourself — or anything? You look rather — as if a cricket-ball had hit you, you know."

Mr. Norreys smiled.

"Thank you," he said. "I have got a frightful pain in my head. I was out too long in the sun this morning."

The boyish-looking man shook his head. "Touch of sunstroke — eh? Stupid thing to do, standing in the sun this weather. Should take a parasol; I always do. Then I can't be of any service?"

"Yes," said Despard, as a sudden idea struck him. "If you happen to know my sister, Mrs. Selby, by sight, I'd be eternally grateful to you if you would tell her I'm going home. I'll wait for her at the old church, would you say?"

"Don't know her, but I'll find her out. Mrs. Selby, of Markerslea, I suppose? Well, take my advice, and keep on the shady side of the road."

"I shall go through the woods, thank you. My sister will understand."

With a friendly nod the young fellow went off.

Despard had been roused by the talk with him. He got up now and went slowly round to the back of the house — it was a place he had known in old days — thus avoiding all risk of coming across any of the guests. By a path behind the stables he made his way slowly into the woods, and in about half an hour's time he found himself where these ended at the high-road, along which his sister must pass. There was a stile near, over which, through a field, lay a footpath to the church, known thereabouts as the old church, and here on the stile Mr. Norreys seated himself to await Mrs. Selby.

"I've managed that pretty neatly," he said, trying to imagine he was feeling as usual. "I wonder who that fellow was. He seemed to have heard Maddie's name though he did not know her."

He was perfectly clear in his head now, but the pain in it was racking. He tried not to think, but in vain. Clearer, and yet more clearly, stood out before his mind's eye the strange drama of that afternoon. And the more he thought of it, the more he looked at it, approaching it from every side, the more incapable he became of explaining Miss Ford's extraordinary conduct. The indignation which had at first blotted out all other feeling gradually gave way to his extreme perplexity.

"She had no sort of grounds for speaking to me as she did," he reflected. "Accusing me vaguely of unworthy motives — what *could* she mean?" Then a new idea struck him. "Some one has been making mischief," he thought; "that must be it, though what and how, I cannot conceive. Gertrude Englewood would not do it intentionally — but still — I saw that she was changed to me. I shall have it out with her. After all, I hope Madeline's letter *has* gone."

And a vague, very faint hope began to make itself felt that perhaps, after all, all was *not* lost. If *she* had been utterly misled about him — if —

He drew a deep breath, and looked round. It was the very sweetest moment of a summer's day existence, that at which late afternoon begins softly and silently to fade into early evening. There was an almost Sabbath stillness in the air, a tender suggestion of night's reluctant approach, and from where Despard sat, the white headstones of some graves in the ancient churchyard were to be seen among the grass. The man felt strangely moved and humbled.

"If I could hope ever to win her," he thought, "I feel as if I had it in me to be a better man—I am not *all* selfish and worldly, Maisie—surely not? But what has made her judge me so cruelly? It is awful to remember what she said, and to imagine what sort of an opinion she must have of me to have been able to say it. For—no, that was *not* my contemptible conceit"—and his face flushed. "She *was* beginning to care for me. She is too generous to have remembered vindictively my insolence, for insolence it was, at the first. Besides, she said herself that she had been getting to like and trust me as a friend. Till to-day—was it all what I said to-day? No girl can despise a man for the fact of his caring for her—what can it be? Good heavens, I feel as if I should go mad!"

And he wished that the pain in his head, which had somewhat subsided, would get worse again, if only it would stop his thinking.

But just then came the sound of wheels. In another moment Mrs. Selby's pony-carriage was in sight. Despard got off his stile, and walked slowly down the road to meet her.

"So, you faithless—" she began, for, to tell the truth, she had not attached much credence to the story of the frightful headache which had reached her, but she changed her tone the moment she caught sight of his face. "My poor boy, you do look ill!" she exclaimed. "I am so sorry. I would have come away at once if I had known."

"It doesn't matter," Despard replied, as he got into the carriage; "but did you not get my message?"

"Oh, yes; but I thought it was just that you were tired and bored. What is the matter, dear Despard? You don't look the least like yourself."

"I fancy it was the sun this morning," he said. "But it's passing off, I think."

Madeline felt by no means sure that it was so.

"I am so sorry," she repeated, "and so vexed with myself. Do you know who the young man was that gave me your message?"

Despard shook his head.

"It was Mr. Conrad Fforde, Lord Southwold's nephew and heir—heir at least to the title, but to little else."

"So I should suppose," said Norreys indifferently. "The Southwolds are very poor."

"How queer that he knew your name if

you have never met him before," said Mrs. Selby. "But I dare say it's through the Flores-Carters; they're such great friends of mine, you know, and they are staying at Laxter's Hill, as well as the Southwold party."

"Yes," Despard agreed, "he had evidently heard of you."

"And of you too, in that case. People do so chatter in the country. The Carters are dying to get you there. They have got the Southwolds to promise to go to them next week. They—the Carter girls—are perfectly wild about Lady Margaret. I think it would be better taste not to make up to her so much; it does *look* as if it was because she was what she is, though I know it isn't really that. They get up these fits of enthusiasm. And she is very nice—not *very* pretty, you know, but wonderfully nice and unspoilt, considering."

"Unspoilt," repeated Despard. He was glad to keep his sister talking about indifferent matters. "I don't see that poor Lord Southwold's daughter has any reason to be spoilt."

"Oh, dear, yes—didn't you know? I thought you knew everything of that kind. It appears that she is a tremendous heiress; I forget the figures. The fortune comes from her aunt's husband. Her mother's elder sister married an enormously wealthy man, and as they had no children or near relations on his side, he left all to this girl. Of course she and her father have always known it, but it has been kept very quiet. They have lived in the country six months of the year, and travelled the other six. She has been most carefully brought up and splendidly educated. But she has never been 'out' in society at all until this year."

"I never remember hearing of them in town," said Despard.

"Oh, Lord Southwold himself never goes out. He is dreadfully delicate—heart-disease, I think. But she—Lady Margaret—will be heard of *now*. It has all come out about her fortune now that he has come into the title. His cousin, the last earl, only died two months ago."

"And," said Despard, with a strange sensation, as if he were listening to some one else speaking rather than speaking himself, "till he came into the title, what was he called? He was the last man's cousin, you say?"

"Yes, of course; he was Mr. Fforde—Fforde with two 'f's' and an 'e,' you know. It's the family name of the Southwolds."

That young man—the one you spoke to—is Mr. Conrad Fforde, as I told you. They say that —"

But a glance at her brother made her hesitate.

"Despard, is your head worse?" she asked anxiously.

"It comes on by fits and starts," he replied. "But don't mind; go on speaking. What were you going to say?"

"Oh, only about young Mr. Fforde. They say he is to marry Lady Margaret; they are only second cousins. But I don't think he looks good enough for her. She seems such a womanly, nice-feeling girl. We had just been introduced when Mr. Fforde came up with your message, and she wanted him to go back to you at once. But he said you would be gone already, and I—well, I didn't quite believe about your head being so bad, and perhaps I seemed very cool about it, for Lady Margaret really looked quite vexed. Wasn't it nice of her? The Carters had been telling her about us evidently. I think she was rather disappointed not to see the famous Despard Norreys, do you know? I rather wonder you never met her this summer in town, though perhaps you would scarcely have remarked her just as Miss Fforde, for she isn't —"

But an exclamation from Despard started her.

"Maddie," he said, "don't you understand? It *must* be she—she, this Lady Margaret, the great heiress! Good heavens!"

Mrs. Selby almost screamed.

"Despard!" was all she could say. But she quickly recovered herself. "Well, after all," she went on, "I don't see that there's any harm done. She will know that you were absolutely disinterested, and surely that will go a long way. But—just to think of it! Oh, Despard, fancy your saying that you half thought she was going to be a governess! Oh, dear, *how* extraordinary! And I that was so regretting that you had not met her! What a good thing you did not—I mean *what* a good thing that my letter showing your ignorance was written and sent before you knew who she was! Don't you see how lucky it was?"

She turned round, her eyes sparkling with excitement and eagerness. But there was no response in Mr. Norreys's face; on the contrary, its expression was such that Mrs. Selby's own face grew pale with dread.

"Despard," she said, "why do you look like that? You are not going to say that

now, because she is an heiress—just because of *money*," with a tone of supreme contempt, "that you will give it up? You surely —"

But Mr. Norreys interrupted her.

"Has the letter gone, Maddie?"

She nodded her head.

"Then I must write again at once—myself—to Gertrude Englewood to make her promise on her honor never to tell what you wrote. Even if I thought she would believe it—and I am not sure that she would—I could never allow myself to be cleared in her eyes *now*."

Madeline stared at him. Had the sun-stroke affected his brain?

"Despard," she said, "what do you mean?"

He turned his haggard face towards her.

"I don't know how to tell you," he said.

"I wish I need not, but as you know so much I must. I *did* see her, Madeline. I met her when I was strolling about the shrubbery over there. She was quite alone and no one near. It seemed to have happened on purpose, and—I told her all."

"You proposed to her?"

He nodded.

"As—as Miss Fforde, or as —" began Mrs. Selby.

"As Miss Ford, of course, without the two 'f's' and the 'e' at the end," he said bitterly. "I didn't know till this moment either that her father was an earl, or, which is much worse, that she was a great heiress."

"And what is wrong, then?"

"Just that she refused me—refused me with the most biting contempt—the—the bitterest scorn—no, I cannot speak of it. She thought I knew, had found out about her—and now I see that my misplaced honesty, the way I spoke, must have given cover to it. She taunted me with my insolence at the first—good God! what an instrument of torture a woman's tongue can be! There is only one thing to do—to stop Gertrude's ever telling of that letter."

"Oh, Despard!" exclaimed Mrs. Selby, and her eyes filled with tears. "What a *horrid* girl she must be! And I thought she looked so sweet and nice. She seemed so sorry when her cousin told me about you. Tell me, was that after? Oh, yes, of course, it must have been. Despard, I believe she was already repenting her cruelty."

"Hush, Madeline," said Mr. Norreys sternly. "You mean it well, but—you must promise me never to allude to all

this again. You will show me Mrs. Englewood's letter when it comes — that you must do. And I will write to her. But there is no more to be said. Let to-day be between us as if it had never been. Promise me, dear."

He laid his hand on her arm. Madeline turned her tearful eyes towards him.

"Very well," she said. "I must, I suppose. But, oh, what a dreadful pity it all seems! You to have fallen in love with her for herself — you that have never really cared for any one before — when you thought her only a governess; and now for it to have all gone wrong! It would have been so nice and delightful."

"A sort of Lord Burleigh business, with the characters reversed — yes, quite idyllic," said Despard sneeringly.

"Despard, don't. It does so pain me," Mrs. Selby said with real feeling. "There is one person I am furious with," she went on in a very different tone, "and that is Mrs. Englewood. She had no business to play that sort of trick."

"Perhaps she could not help herself. You say the father — Mr. Fforde as he then was — did not wish her to be known as an heiress," said Mr. Norreys.

"She might have made an exception for you," said Madeline.

Despard's brows contracted. Mrs. Selby thought it was from the pain in his head, but it was more than that. A vision rose before him of a sweet flushed girlish face, with gentle pleasure and appeal in the eyes — and of Gertrude's voice, "If you don't dance, will you talk to her? Anything to please her a little, you know."

"I think Gertrude did all she could. I believe she is a perfectly loyal and faithful friend," he said, "but for Heaven's sake, Maddie, let us drop it forever. I will write this evening to Gertrude, myself, and that will be the last act in the drama."

No letter, however, was written to Mrs. Englewood that evening — nor the next day, nor for that matter during the rest of the time that saw Despard Norreys a guest at Markerslea Rectory.

And several days passed after the morning that brought her reply to Mrs. Selby's letter of inquiry, before the person it chiefly concerned was able to see it. For the pain in his head, the result of slight sunstroke in the first place, aggravated by unusual excitement, had culminated in a sharp attack which at one time was not many degrees removed from brain fever. The risk was tided over, however, and at no time was the young man in very serious

danger. But Mrs. Selby suffered quite as much as if he had been dying. She made up her mind that he would not recover, and as her special friends received direct information to that effect, it is not to be wondered at that the bad news flew fast.

It reached Laxter's Hill one morning in the week following Lady Denster's garden-party. It was the day which was to see the breaking-up of the party assembled there to meet Lord Southwold and his daughter, and it came in a letter to Edith Flores-Carter from Mrs. Selby herself.

"Oh, dear," the girl ejaculated, her usually bright, not to say jolly-looking countenance clouding over as she spoke, "oh, dear, I'm so sorry for the Selbys — for Mrs. Selby particularly. Just fancy, doesn't it seem awful — her brother's dying."

She glanced round the breakfast-table for sympathy; various expressions of it reached her.

"That fellow I found in the grounds at that place, is it?" inquired Mr. Fforde. "I'm not surprised, he did look pretty bad, and he would walk home, and he hadn't even a parasol."

"Conrad, how *can* you be so unfeeling? I perfectly detest that horrid trick of joking about everything," said in sharp, indignant tones a young lady seated opposite him. It was Lady Margaret. Several people looked up in surprise.

"Beginning in good time," murmured a man near the end of the table.

"Why, do you believe in that? I don't," replied his companion.

Conrad looked across the table at his cousin in surprise.

"Come now, Maisie," he said, "you make me feel quite shy, scolding me so in company. And I'm sure I didn't *mean* to say anything witty at the poor chap's expense. If I did, it was quite by mistake, I assure you."

"Anything 'witty' from you would be that, I can quite believe," Lady Margaret replied, smiling a little. But the smile was a feeble and forced one. Conrad saw, if no one else did, that his cousin was thoroughly put out, and he felt repentant, though he scarcely knew why.

Half an hour later Lord Southwold and his daughter were talking together in the sitting-room, where the former had been breakfasting in invalid fashion alone.

"I would promise to be home to-morrow, or the day after at latest, papa," Lady Margaret was saying; "Mrs. Englewood will be very pleased to have me, I know,

even at the shortest notice, for last week when I wrote saying I feared it would be impossible, she was very disappointed."

"Very well, my dear, only don't stay with her longer than that, for you know we have engagements," and Lord Southwood sighed a little.

Margaret sighed too.

"My darling," said her father, "don't look so depressed. I didn't mean to grumble."

"Oh no, papa. It isn't you at all. I shall be glad to be at home again, won't you? Thank you very much for letting me go round by town."

Mrs. Englewood's drawing-room—but looking very different from the last time we saw it. Mrs. Englewood herself with a more anxious expression than usual on her pleasant face, was sitting by the open window, through which, however, but little air found its way, for it was hot, almost stifling weather.

"It is really a trial to have to come back to town before it is cooler," she was saying to herself, as the door opened and Lady Margaret, in summer travelling-gear, came in.

"So you are really going, dear Maisie," said her hostess. "I do wish you could have waited another day."

"But," said Maisie, "you will let me know at once what you hear from Mrs. Selby. I cannot help being unhappy, Gertrude, and of course, what you have told me has made me still more self-reproachful, and — and ashamed."

She was very pale, but a sudden burning blush overspread her face as she said the last words.

"I do so hope he will recover," she added, trying to speak lightly, "though if he does I earnestly hope I shall never meet him again."

"Even if I succeed in making him understand *your* side, and showing him how generously you regret having misjudged him?" said Mrs. Englewood. "I don't see that there need be any enmity between you."

"Not *enmity*, oh no; but still less, friendship," said Maisie. "I just *trust* we shall never meet again. Good-bye, dear Gertrude. I am so glad to have told you all. You will let me know what you hear?" and she kissed Mrs. Englewood affectionately.

"Good-bye, dear child. I am glad you have not a long journey before you. Strettham will take good care of you. You quite understand that I can do nothing

indirectly—it will only be when I see himself that I can tell him how sorry you have been."

"Sorry and *ashamed*, be sure to say 'ashamed,'" said Lady Margaret; "yes, of course, it can only be if—if he gets better or you see him yourself."

Two or three days later came a letter to Lady Margaret from Mrs. Englewood, inclosing one which that lady had just received from Mrs. Selby. Her brother, she allowed for the first time, was out of danger, but "terribly weak." And at intervals during the next few weeks the girl heard news of Mr. Norreys's recovery. And "I wonder," she began to say to herself, "I wonder if Gertrude has seen him, or will be seeing him soon."

But this hope, if hope it should be called, was doomed to disappointment. Late in October came another letter from her friend.

"I am sorry," wrote Mrs. Englewood, "that I see no probability of my meeting Mr. Norreys for a long time. He is going abroad. After all, your paths in life are not likely to cross each other again. Perhaps it is best to leave things."

But the tears filled Maisie's eyes as she read. "I should have liked him to know I had come to do him justice," she thought.

She did not understand Mrs. Englewood's view of the matter.

"It would be cruel," Gertrude had said to herself, "to tell him how she blames herself, and how my showing her Mrs. Selby's letter had cleared him. It would only bring it all up again when he has doubtless begun to forget it."

Nevertheless, Despard did not leave England without knowing how completely Lady Margaret had retracted her cruel words, and how bitterly she regretted them.

Time passes quickly, we are told, when we are hard at work. And doubtless this is true while the time in question is the present. But to look back upon time of which every day and every hour have been fully occupied, gives somewhat the feeling of a closely printed volume when one has finished reading it. It seems even longer than in anticipation. To Despard Norreys, when at the end of two busy years he found himself again in England, it appeared as if he had been absent five or six times as long as was really the case.

He had been a week in England, and was still detained in town by details con-

nected with the work he had successfully accomplished. He was under promise to his sister to run down to Markerslea the first day it should be possible, and time meanwhile hung somewhat heavily on his hands. The waters had already closed over his former place in society, and he did not regret it. Still there were friends whom he was glad to meet again, and so he willingly accepted some of the invitations that began to find him out. One evening, after dining at the house of the friend whose influence had obtained for him the appointment which had just expired, he accompanied the ladies of the family to an evening party in the neighborhood. He had never been in the house before; the faces about him were unfamiliar. Feeling a little "out of it," he strolled into a small room where a select quartette was absorbed at whist, and seated himself in a corner somewhat out of the glare of light, which, since his illness, rather painfully affected his eyes.

Suddenly the thought of Maisie Fforde as he had last seen her seemed to rise before him as in a vision.

"I wonder if she is married," he said to himself. "Sure to be so, I should think. Yet I should probably have heard of it."

And even as the words formed themselves in his mind, a still familiar voice caught his ear.

"Thank you. Yes, this will do nicely. I will wait here till Mabel is ready to go."

And a lady—a girl, he soon saw—came forward into the room towards the corner where he was sitting. He rose at once; she approached him quickly, then with a sudden, incoherent exclamation, made as if she would have drawn back. But it was too late; she could not, if she wished, have pretended she did not see him.

"Mr. Norreys," she began; "I had no idea —"

"That I was in England," he said. "No, I have only just returned. Pardon me for having startled you, Miss Fforde—Lady Margaret, I mean. I on my side had no idea of meeting you here or —"

"Or you would not have come," she in her turn interrupted him with. "Thank you; you are frank at all events," she added haughtily.

He turned away. There was perhaps some involuntary suggestion of reproach in his manner, for hers changed.

"No," she said. "I am very wrong. Please stay for two minutes, and listen to me. I have hoped and prayed that I

might never meet you again, but at the same time I made a vow—a real vow," she went on girlishly, "that *if* I did so I would swallow my pride, and—and ask you to forgive me. There now—I have said it. That is all. Will you, Mr. Norreys?"

He glanced round; the whist party was all unconscious of the rest of the world still.

"Will you not sit down for a moment, Lady Margaret?" he said, and as she did so he too drew a chair nearer to hers. "It is disagreeable to be overheard," he went on in a tone of half apology. "You ask me what I cannot now do," he added.

The girl reared her head, and the softness of her manner hardened at once.

"Then," she said, "we are quits. It does just as well. My conscience is clear now."

"So is mine, as to *that* particular of—of what you call forgiving you," he said, and his voice was a degree less calm. "I cannot do so now, for—I forgave you long, long ago."

"You have seen Mrs. Englewood? She has told you at last that all was explained to me—your sister's letter and all," she went on confusedly, "that I saw how horrid, how low and mean and suspicious and everything I had been?"

"I knew all you refer to before I left England," he said simply. "But I asked Mrs. Englewood to leave it as it was, unless she was absolutely forced to tell you. I knew you must hate the sound of my name, and she promised to drop the subject."

"And I have scarcely seen her for a long time," said Maisie. "I saw she did avoid it, and I supposed she thought it no use talking about it."

"I did not need her explanation," Despard went on gently. "I had—if you will have the word—I had forgiven you long before. Indeed, I think I did so almost at once. It was all natural on your part. What had I done, what was I, that you should have thought any good of me? When you remember the way I behaved to you at first," and here his voice grew very low. "I have never been able to—I shall never be able to forgive *myself*."

"Mr. Norreys!" said Maisie in a very contrite tone. But Despard kept silence.

"Are you going to stay at home now, or are you going away again?" she asked presently, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact way.

"I hardly know. I am waiting to see what I can get to do. I don't much mind

what, but I shall never again be able to be idle," he said, smiling a little for the first time. "It is my own fault entirely—the fault of my own past folly—that I am not now well on in the profession I was intended for. So I must not grumble if I have to take what work I can get in any part of the world. I would rather stay in England for some reasons."

"Why?" she asked.

"I cannot stand heat very well," he said. "My little sunstroke left some weak points—my eyes are not strong."

She did not answer at once.

Then, "How crooked things are!" she said at last suddenly, "you want work, and I—oh, I am *so* busy and worried. Papa impressed upon me that I must look after things myself, and accept the responsibilities, but—I don't think he quite saw how difficult it would be," and her eyes filled with tears.

"But," said Despard, puzzled by her manner, "he is surely able to help you?"

She turned to him more fully—the tears came more quickly, but she did not mind his seeing them.

"Didn't you know?" she said. "Papa is dead—more than a year ago now; just before I came of age. I am quite alone. That silly—I shouldn't say that, he is kind and good—Conrad is Lord Southwold now. But I don't want to marry him, though he is almost the only man who, I *know*, cares for me for myself. How strange you did not know about my being all alone! Didn't you notice this?" and she touched her black skirt.

"I have never seen you except in black," said Despard. "No—I had no idea. I am so grieved."

"If—if you stay in England," she began again half timidly, "and you say you have forgiven me"—he made a little gesture of deprecation of the word—"can't we be friends, Mr. Norreys?"

Despard rose to his feet. The whist party had dispersed. The little room was empty.

"No," he said, "I am afraid that could never be, Lady Margaret. The one reason why I wish to leave England again is that I know now I cannot—I must not—risk seeing you.

Maisie looked up, the tears were still glimmering about her eyes and cheeks, was it their soft glistening that made her face look so bright and almost radiant?

"Oh, do say it again—don't think me not nice, oh, *don't*," she entreated. "But why—oh, why, if you care for me, though

I can scarcely believe it, why let my horrible money come between us? I shall never care for anybody else—there now, I have said it!"

And she tried to hide her face, but he would not let her.

"Do you really mean it, dear?" he said. "If you do, I—I will swallow *my* pride, too, shall I?"

She looked up, half laughing now.

"Quits again, you see. Oh, dear, how dreadfully happy I am! And you know, as you are so fond of work now, you will have *lots* to do. All manner of things for poor people that I want to manage, and don't know how, and all our own—I won't say 'my' any more—tenants to look after, and—and—"

"That girl in black' herself to take care of, and make as happy as all my love and my strength and my life's devotion can," said Despard. "Maisie, my darling, God grant that you may never regret your generosity and goodness."

"No, no," she murmured, "yours are far greater, far, far greater."

This all happened several years ago, and, by all I can gather, there are few happier people than Despard Norreys and Lady Margaret, his wife.

From The Contemporary Review.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

So many and such important things have taken place since I last wrote, that it is difficult to combine them all in a single survey, and still more difficult to arrange them in any definite sequence. They show much of the incoherence which has come to be characteristic of French affairs, and which often leads us to say that with us the thing that generally happens is the unexpected, and the thing that never happens at all is what there was every reason to expect.

The two main facts that stand out before all the rest are these: at home, the fall of M. Grévy and the election of M. Carnot; and abroad, the renewal of the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, and the threatened conflict between Austria and Russia. I will begin with the latter topic, which is almost independent of any questions of internal policy.

I have repeatedly asserted in these pages that war would never break out between France and Germany directly, Germany having no interest to serve by

making war on France, and France being unwilling in any case to assume the offensive, especially in presence of such a fact as the Triple Alliance. The events of last year amply justified this forecast. A series of incidents took place which might easily have led to a conflict, but the conflict was avoided, and the pacific intentions of the two countries were proved in the most striking manner. The Germans, in the first instance, had spared nothing in the way of provocation. Vexatious regulations had been multiplied in Alsace. Frenchmen settled in the province had been expelled; so had Alsatians who had become Germans. Travellers in Alsace were required to obtain a *permis de séjour*, granted only under the most perverse conditions. They had prosecuted one Frenchman — M. Koechlin — for belonging to the Ligue des Patriotes; they had expelled two deputies — M. Antoine and M. Lalancé; they had forbidden the employment of French nurses in Alsace; they had turned the two provinces into a second Austrian Venice. At last two incidents occurred which opened up the gravest international questions. Of the Schnaebele affair we have already spoken. On the 25th of last September a more tragic incident roused the public indignation. A German soldier, named Kaufmann, told off to assist the Alsatian gamekeepers in suppressing poaching, took advantage of the savage orders given him by his superiors, and the immunity allowed in Germany to all sorts of violences committed by the soldier against the civilian, to amuse himself by shooting at some French sportsmen who were peaceably passing by on the other side of the frontier. One of them was killed, another was severely wounded. Yet, amazed and indignant as we were at the outrage — the gravest aspect of which was the temper it showed on the frontier — neither the government nor the country lost its self-command; and if Germany was unwilling to punish the offender because he was a soldier, she at least showed, by her readiness to pay a large indemnity to the widow, that she did not intend to let this purely accidental occurrence lead to a conflict. Finally, the illness of the crown-prince has been the occasion of a strong manifestation of good feeling on the part of France. The universal sympathy shown for the illustrious patient, the earnest wishes everywhere expressed for his recovery, and the dread of seeing Prince William, to whom bellicose tendencies are attributed, ascend the throne, are so many

proofs of the sincere desire of France for the continuation of peace.

But if a war could hardly break out of its own accord between Germany and France, it is none the less certain that any European conflagration in which Germany was involved might tempt this country to abandon her reserve, and seek to recover by force of arms the provinces which still cling to her with such touching fidelity. The animosity felt by the Russians against Germany constitutes a permanent danger; and it is now nearly thirty-five years since M. de Bismarck, with his eagle eye, saw and foretold in his Frankfort correspondence the probability of a coalition between France and Russia. It is to meet this danger — to hold in check the two great forces of the East and the West — that he has renewed and clenched the alliance made five years ago with Austria and Italy, a triple alliance which he would very gladly have turned into a quadruple alliance, had England been willing to lend herself to it.

This alliance, which professes to be of a purely pacific character, has so far had the effect of producing a critical situation as regards Russia and Austria, and creating difficulty and distrust in the relations between St. Petersburg and Berlin. I am not speaking here of Bulgaria and the Eastern question in themselves; I am speaking only of the feelings of France with regard to Russia and to the Triple Alliance. As to Austria, we cannot be surprised at her taking a step which guarantees her position in Istria, and gives her a *point d'appui* for her forward march towards Salonica. It has not been so easy for Frenchmen to understand the attitude of Italy. They find it difficult to imagine that she has stipulated for no territorial advantage — whether in the direction of Tunis or of Nice — in exchange for her alliance; and they are disposed to see in the course pursued by her a purely selfish policy — the mere desire of aggrandizement, *per fas atque nefas*. Perhaps they too much forget that the essential interest of Italy lies in her internal policy. The house of Savoy, so recently enthroned in the most democratic of all European countries, and menaced at the same time by the clerical party, looks for support against Ultramontanism and republicanism at once to a close alliance with the power which most conspicuously represents the principles of hereditary monarchy and of Protestantism. Strained as the relations between France and Italy have become — chiefly by the fault of their

respective governments — there remains at bottom a real sympathy between the two countries, of which we have had one quite recent proof in the revival of the negotiations for a commercial treaty.

There remains the question of Russia. Now what is our position with regard to her? Is there, or can there be, such a thing as a Franco-Russian alliance? Many people have been struck, and even startled, by the tokens of sympathy exchanged of late between the two countries. A Russian man-of-war cannot make her appearance in a French port without receiving a positive ovation; and the Russian officers, even those of princely rank, are no way behindhand in manifestations of courtesy and good-will. When Katkoff died, wreaths were sent by the Parisian journalists and the Association of Students, and thoughtful and liberal Russians were astonished at the eulogies lavished upon him in France. Even M. Floquet, who once made himself famous by shouting "Vive la Pologne" in the ears of Alexander II., made his retraction by sending the homage of his admiration and his regrets to the grave of Katkoff, the most ferocious of the enemies of Poland. The French press, generally so ready to take up the cause of all oppressed little nationalities, has nothing for the Bulgarians but harshness or mockery, while it holds forth day by day on the virtues, public and private, of the emperor Alexander III. Indeed, it is hard to say which is the more surprising — the good-will shown by the Russians, and even by the Russian government, for a radicalizing republic, or the fatuous admiration of certain French Republicans for the most autocratic State in Europe. But, in spite of all these manifestations, I think we shall hardly be justified in supposing that a Franco-Russian alliance is as good as made. There is, no doubt, a natural sympathy of character between Frenchmen and Russians. This sympathy became apparent even in the midst of the Crimean struggle, and facilitated the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris. It is equally certain that the French and the Russians have a common antipathy for the Germans, and that the wish to make themselves disagreeable to their common neighbor goes for something in the courtesies exchanged between them. But the Russian government would think twice before entering into any formal engagement with a republic such as ours, so uncertain in its principles and so mutable as to its men. In France, on the other hand, if the igno-

rant and unthinking talk airily of giving Constantinople and getting Metz and Strasbourg in return, practical people know perfectly well that a Russian Constantinople would mean a Russian Asia Minor, and that the Black Sea would then be a Russian lake, open to commerce only by the permit of the czar, while Russian fleets might sweep the Mediterranean, which they can now reach only by a long circuit, and where they have not a single port of their own. Moreover, the dislike of Germany is not in France, as it is in Russia, a racial antipathy, native, ineradicable; it is an antipathy arising from circumstances; and if, by a spontaneous action unparalleled in history, Germany were to offer back Alsace-Lorraine as the price of a French alliance, the peace of Europe would be infinitely better assured than by any Austro-Italian agreement. But this is not the way of Germany, who did not even give back the North Schleswig territory; and France, though she neither means war nor wishes war, will hardly see it break out between Germany and Russia without joining in the *mêlée*.

We may, however, be sure at least of this, that she will not enter beforehand on any policy of disturbance and aggression. Under the able direction of M. Flourens, she has maintained amidst the critical circumstances of the past year a most guarded and dignified attitude; while she has shown, by the conclusion of an agreement with England on the Suez Canal question and on the question of the New Hebrides, her wish to be on settled and cordial terms with all the powers. The convention with England has been hailed with great satisfaction, not on account of the advantages it secures to France — for, rightly or wrongly, it is regarded as favorable rather to England — but because it is taken as the pledge of an understanding that never ought to have been broken, between two nations which have so many interests in common, and which, both by their position and their natural constitution, are so well fitted to unite with and to complete one another.

To all these indications of the pacific intentions of France, we must add yet one more — the state of her army. No doubt the attempt at mobilization made at Toulouse last September gave results which were in many respects satisfactory, and this especially as regards the railway service. But nothing is less like a general mobilization in time of war than a partial mobilization in time of peace. Besides, the perpetual changes in the ministry of

war involve a perpetual dislocation of the service. General Ferron, who had introduced some excellent measures, and to some extent repaired the mischief done by General Boulanger, went out of office just at the moment when he should have been adjusting and consolidating the innovations he had made in several directions at once. In France we change our masters every six months, and we have no permanent chief of the staff; so that there is no one thoroughly acquainted with the details of this cumbrous and complicated machine, and able to set it going at a moment's notice. Add to this, again, the general armament, and the passing of a hopelessly inapplicable Recruitment Act, of which nevertheless some portions must be carried out, and which will throw our military organization into confusion for several years to come, and it will readily be seen that if, in the country, there is a certain amount of bellicose sentiment, in the government itself there can be no other thought than the thought of peace.

Furthermore, the French political world is far too much taken up with internal questions to have much interest to spare for matters of diplomacy. According to rule, the Chamber of Deputies must be dissolved in 1889; and the election of a new president has so completely changed the position of parties that it will be necessary to begin at once to prepare for the electoral struggle. All parties are pausing now, and examining the ground before they venture upon it; and no one can tell as yet in what fashion they will group themselves, or with what success.

The circumstances which led to the recent presidential election have all the appearance of pure accident, exaggerated by the characteristic hyper-sensitiveness of French feeling. It seems at the first glance as if they might have been prevented. But in reality this is by no means the case. Inconsequent and unexpected as the incidents were, the issue itself is the logical consequence of the actual state of things. At the time when we wrote our last article, the Rouvier ministry seemed firm enough; and, had the majority of the deputies been guided by nothing but a desire for the public good, it would be still in office. M. Rouvier had shown unusual sagacity in the conduct of affairs and considerable talent as a speaker, and he had gained the confidence of men of business. For the first time for many years, a firm and experienced hand was felt at the exchequer,

the taxes came in with precision, and smuggling was detected and suppressed. Yet the Rouvier ministry held together only by the sufferance of the Right. The majority of the Republicans was with it, but the majority of the Republicans was not strong enough to resist a coalition of the Right and the Extreme Left. As long as the Right maintained that attitude of respect for republican institutions which it had adopted at the time of the formation of the ministry, so long M. Rouvier was able to keep the reins; but the moment the Right resumed its habits of irreconcilable opposition, it was evident that he could but fall. It was the Comte de Paris—alarmed, no doubt, at a movement which was bringing together the Conservatives and the Moderate Republicans—who took upon himself the grave responsibility of throwing a fresh firebrand into the political arena, by his manifesto of the 15th of September.

This document is certainly one of the most curious compositions that ever emanated from a political leader. One would recoil from its disingenuousness if one were not disarmed by its simplicity. The programme is full of good intentions, and, if the virtue of the sovereign could be guaranteed by law, no doubt the system it recommends would be very acceptable. It promises all sorts of liberties—local, municipal, provincial, and even parliamentary—liberty of the press, and liberty of association; but then it completely abolishes, in an indirect way, the only two guarantees of all liberty—ministerial responsibility and the voting of the annual budget by Parliament. When these are gone, no guarantee remains except the royal inclination to respect these liberties. The programme submitted to the French people, whom he supposes—not, perhaps, without reason—to be weary of parliamentary government, is the programme of Strafford and of Charles I. Or, rather, it is the programme of Charles VII. of France, with a few additions borrowed from the second empire. He proposes, in fact, to have the re-establishment of the monarchy ratified by a *plébiscite*. That is, unless it seems better to have it ratified by the Chambers. On this point the august pretender does not seem to be quite clear in his own mind, and he ingenuously avows his perplexity. He retains a lower chamber elected by universal suffrage, which is to vote the budget *once for all*; a senate, of which the greater part is elective; and a ministry, responsible to

the king as well as to the Chambers — that is to say, responsible to the king.

This infantile manifesto would be simply amusing, if it were not that there is something so intensely sad in seeing the Comte de Paris, in sheer lightness of heart, destroy the really noble and impressive position he had won. His character and his life had gained for him universal esteem. His position as legitimate heir to the throne secured him in any case the support of the Legitimists, and, by retaining his character as the representative of constitutional liberty, he might have looked forward to rallying round him at some critical moment the whole body of French Liberals, if the republic should appear to be falling into anarchy or a military despotism. But, in order to this, two things were necessary — that he should have the firmness never to desert the cause of liberty, and the disinterestedness to induce his partisans to support a conservative republic, and not to throw themselves into a revolutionary opposition. Instead of this, he offers a constitution worse than that of 1852, a clerical and feudal third empire, an incoherent system compounded from Hugh Capet and Louis Napoleon. Yielding to the party mania so universal in France, he seeks, not to gain the liberal and moderate masses, but to gratify the extreme Legitimists and the Bonapartists; and in this he resembles those Republicans who are ever seeking to satisfy the ever unsatisfied Radicals.

In the Senate the manifesto was received with dismay, and the Right refused to abandon its friendly attitude towards the ministry. In the Chamber, on the contrary, the Right came back from its holiday resolved on mischief. It was easy to see, from the very first night, that the days of the Cabinet were numbered. Then came a chance occurrence, which hastened its fall, and capped the ministerial crisis with a presidential crisis.

A secret denunciation had brought to light the existence of a secret agency carried on by a Madame Limouzin, a woman of light character, the object of which was to utilize the credit of influential but dishonest persons in obtaining decorations or government commissions for vain or greedy manufacturers. One of the persons found to be compromised in this affair was — to the great astonishment of the prefecture of police — no less a person than General Caffarel, who had been in the War Department under General Boulanger, as deputy-chief of the staff. Gen-

eral Ferron, who already distrusted M. Caffarel, thought at first to hush up the whole affair, by simply requiring his resignation; but the press had got wind of the scandal, and the story was given to the public by the *Dix-neuvième Siècle* in a grossly exaggerated form, with the addition of a charge of selling military secrets to Germany. Another officer was said to be implicated — General d'Andlau, a senator of the Oise, the author of a remarkable work on the siege of Metz in 1870, and one of the persons who played an important part in the trial of Marshal Bazaine. He was said to have sold his support to persons desirous of obtaining decorations, and his flight soon afterwards gave credit to the accusation. Some journalists, probably actuated by the fear that the police would not move with sufficient rapidity, took upon themselves to arrest Madame Limouzin. Indeed, all the details of this extraordinary affair read like a novel or a play. The police seized Madame Limouzin's papers, and arrested one Madame Rattazzi and a man named Lorentz as accomplices of M. Caffarel and d'Andlau; and M. Caffarel was tried before a military commission and deprived of his rank for dishonorable conduct. Meanwhile, the papers were teeming with accusations and with stories of all sorts, true or false; and the heated imagination of the public saw all the secrets of the State given over to pillage, its honors put up to auction, its finance and its public works at the mercy of a band of jobbers and thieves.

One figure stood out from the rest as a mark for suspicion and denunciation — that of M. Wilson, the son-in-law of the president of the republic. M. Wilson was rich, both on his own side and his wife's; he was an able and influential public man; he had been under-secretary of finance and president of the Budget Committee. It needed nothing but a correct and dignified attitude on his part to ensure him a great career — possibly even the succession to the presidency. Unfortunately, M. Wilson is a person who does not find himself at home in a quiet life. He had discarded some, at least, of the follies which had at one time all but ruined him and brought him under judicial guardianship as a prodigal, and had flung himself headlong into business transactions. He became a mighty speculator; he founded a number of newspapers and of printing-offices for his newspapers; then he used his influence to get government orders for his printers; he made the presidential

palace itself a sort of intelligence office and business agency; he had technically qualified persons to inform him as to industrial enterprises, commercial travellers to spread his newspapers, and a legion of secretaries to answer the innumerable demands for favors that flowed in upon him. Living at the Elysée, he lived, of course, in great part at the public expense—a thing to which he had no sort of claim; and in all his private and business correspondence he availed himself of the postal franchise which belongs exclusively to the household of the president. Under this head alone he was obliged to admit himself indebted to the State to the amount of forty thousand francs. What is graver still, he was in the secret of every detail of State policy, was in possession of the news before it was given to the public, and intrigued in Parliament against ministers who were not agreeable to M. Grévy. In this way he naturally became the object of many jealousies, hatreds, and heart-burnings. The Opportunists never forgave him his intrigues against Gambetta and M. Ferry. The Radicals, who had long been his allies, and to whom he owed in great measure his high position in Parliament, suddenly perceived in the attack on M. Wilson a means of getting rid of the president, who by his weakness had favored the conduct of his son-in-law; and they hoped to replace him by a president of their own choosing.

Nevertheless, no positive accusation was brought against M. Wilson, until an incident of the Caffarel-Limouzin trial brought him suddenly to the front. It was discovered by Lorentz's counsel that two of the letters put in evidence—letters from M. Wilson to Madame Limouzin—were written on paper manufactured at a later date than that borne by the letters. The original letters, therefore, must have been abstracted, and replaced by letters written after the discovery of the scandal. This new revelation forced the hand of the ministry, who, out of consideration for M. Grévy, had till then endeavored to keep M. Wilson himself out of the courts, and obliged them to ask the Chamber to authorize a prosecution. The prefect of police, M. Gragnon, who was suspected of having given up the original letters to M. Grévy, was forced to resign. Since then, both M. Wilson and M. Gragnon have been acquitted, on the ground that their action did not come under the head of any offence recognized by the law; but the bench affirmed that there was no doubt as to the fact of the substitution of the

letters. At the same time, evidence poured in from all sides proving that M. Wilson had traded on his influence with the president and the ministry, and casting suspicion on M. Grévy, as having tolerated the traffic.

But what, in reality, does it all come to—this scandal which created such extraordinary public excitement? It comes to much less than at first sight it seemed to do. The commission of inquiry nominated by the Chamber embraced in its investigation every department of the public service; but, except the charge against M. Wilson, it found nothing of a really serious character. The trials of Madame Limouzin and Madame Rattazzi proved the existence of disreputable agencies, which made it their business to bring together swindlers out of pocket and silly Cræsus craving for honors, and negotiate matters between them; but, though they certainly got a good number of dupes into their clutches, it does not appear that they ever had much credit with the public departments. Favoritism, and the abuse of influence, is to be found in France, as it is everywhere else; but it is a far cry from this to a charge of universal administrative corruption. The public indignation aroused by the discovery of the villany of M. M. Caffarel, d'Andlau, and Wilson may even be taken as a favorable sign of the level of public morality; and it is no insignificant advantage of the Republican *régime* that we can thus bring to justice, or expose to public disgrace, a sort of corruption which in the days of the empire would either have escaped discovery altogether or have been allowed to go on with impunity. Nevertheless, we must have no illusions. If the mischief thus brought to light has not yet gone very far, we must remember that it threatens to go farther. Under a monarchy, if the *entourage* of the prince is corrupt, as it was under Napoleon III., there is room for much base intriguing in high places; but even then it is generally found simpler and better to court the prince himself, and obtain what is wanted from his favor. With us, the sovereignty is in commission; it is Parliament, it is the electorate, it is the electors themselves. Everybody is dependent on everybody else; A cannot get elected without the vote of B; B cannot get the administrative favors he wants except by voting for A. In this way, under a centralized administration like ours, the representative system easily becomes corrupt and corrupting. Ministers yield to the demands

of the deputies in order to secure their support in the Chamber; the deputies legislate for the hustings, and become the tools of influential constituents for obtaining favors and even exemptions; while the electors value their member at just the amount of the privileges he is able to get for them.

This exchange of good offices soon leads unscrupulous persons to the idea of selling their vote or their interest. The democratic movement, by filling our political assemblies with comparatively poor men, has greatly increased the danger of corruption; and many a deputy has been known to take advantage of his position to embark in financial enterprises of no very stable character. Men of business soon find out how to turn such a state of things as this to account; and thus we see men like M.M. Marsoulan and Lefèvre Roncier, members of the Municipal Council of Paris, mixed up with the most flagrant jobbery, and our members, and even our ministers, charged with favoring this or that enterprise from interested motives. Most of these things do not come within the scope of any law. If M. Clémenceau chooses to get a decoration for a partner in his newspaper, or M. Wilson for one of his shareholders, it is not peculation, and it is not fraud. But in these matters the shades of distinction are very delicate; and, unfortunately, the net result of the whole thing is a state of public demoralization which gets worse and worse as it goes on.

Happily, the reaction produced by the recent revelations has been very great. It showed itself, to begin with, in a burst of indignation against M. Grévy, who had allowed his son-in-law to turn the Elysée into a business agency without either attempting to restrain him or breaking with him altogether. The enemies of M. Grévy — agitators in search of troubled waters to fish in, anti-republicans overjoyed at any discredit that might befall the system they abhorred — saw and seized their opportunity. They resolved to use the general excitement as a means of forcing the president to resign. For this purpose the Right and the Extreme Left once more allied themselves. But there was one obstacle. The Constitution supplied no machinery for dismissing the president, and M. Grévy would not go. He was resolved to protect his son-in-law to the last, and he would not hear of a retreat which would seem like a confession.

In order to reach the president, the blow was aimed at the minister. The

most insignificant question was chosen for the purpose — the date to be fixed for an interpellation by M. Clémenceau. M. Rouvier wished to postpone the discussion till the 24th of November, in order to get through with the conversion of the four and a half per cents. The majority insisted on having the interpellation forthwith, and M. Rouvier sent in his resignation. Thus fell the Rouvier ministry, dragged down in the confusion of the Caffarel-Limouzin business, though its own conduct had been irreproachable, and it had simply shown, as it was its duty to show, a wish to spare as far as possible the dignity of the president of the French republic.

The crisis was long and stormy. Once the ministry was overthrown, it was clear to everybody that M. Grévy must go, for no one could undertake to form a Cabinet. M. Clémenceau ventured, indeed, to think of it for a moment, but his own friends dissuaded him. One after another, those who were called to the Elysée repeated the same advice. The crisis was presidential, not ministerial. No combination was possible.

M. Grévy is an expert lawyer, and a shrewd peasant besides; and he had moreover been so long and so loudly extolled for his austere virtues that he had come to think it impossible that public opinion should turn against him. He could not endure the idea of being turned away in contempt within two years of his re-election to the presidency by the unanimous vote of all Republicans. He was willing to go, but to go at his own time and in his own way, not at the brutal summons of an infatuated public. He employed every possible subterfuge for gaining time. In his interviews with men of various parties, he was by turns insinuating, eloquent, lively, pathetic; he showed a suppleness and a tenacity which amazed his interlocutors. He hoped that, if he could gain but a few days, the division of the Republican party, and the impossibility of coming to an agreement as to his successor, would end in creating a current in his favor. It was not till the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, by two simultaneous orders of the day, had practically dismissed him on the 1st of December, that he could bring himself to resign. He did so the next day, in a message in which the confusion of his mind is betrayed by the incoherence of his style.

It is difficult to pass judgment on a man who has made so lamentable a retreat after having been for nine years at the

head of the French republic. It is the more difficult, from the extreme reserve affected by M. Grévy during his presidency, and from the fact that, though in reality he never ceased to take an active part in the direction of affairs, he passed in the eyes of the nation for a person whose only idea was to economize a few hundred thousand francs a year out of the civil list. Whatever may have been the faults of M. Grévy—and it must be admitted that he thought too much of making a profit out of the post he occupied, and systematically withdrew himself from his representative duties; that he showed a deplorable indifference to literature and the arts, and even to useful and charitable undertakings; and that he never really earned the reputation for republican austerity with which his cold demeanor and retired life had caused him to be credited—he did France a service she ought never to forget. In the midst of conflicting parties he succeeded in acquiring for himself a place apart; and he did this in a manner which was at once clever and easy. His opinions were very Radical; his language and behavior were very moderate and reserved. He thus conciliated the Radicals by his way of thinking, and the Moderates by his way of speaking. As he never courted notoriety, had nothing of the charlatan about him, and betrayed no ambition of any sort, he gave no offence and stood in no one's light; and in moments of difficulty he was able to come forward as the peacemaker between discordant parties. It was thus that he became president of the National Assembly in 1871 and president of the republic in 1879—he who, in 1848, had recommended the abolition of the presidency. In electing him to fill the place, all parties believed that they had secured a president who would be absolutely neutral, and who had no desire to govern. But this was not altogether the case. It is true that his political activity was never ostensible or direct, and that he rendered a real service by accustoming the country to an anonymous government. For nine years he made Frenchmen do without either loving or hating the head of the State, or even troubling themselves about him. But he had a very real control over his ministers. In England, since the accession of the Georges, the sovereign has hardly ever been present at a Cabinet Council. Under M. Grévy the Council of Ministers never met anywhere but at the presidency. He joined in all the discussions, took part in the selection of persons for the most important posts,

and, above all, he closely followed the course of foreign policy. It was here that his influence was most happily felt; and it is in great part to him that we owe the persistently peaceful policy of France. It was he who mainly contributed, at the time of the Schnaebelle affair, to restrain MM. Goblet and Boulanger from committing imprudences which would inevitably have led to war. On our home policy he has also had a moderating influence; for, bold as his own views were, he saw that the realization of the Radical programme would discredit the republic, and, still more, that the Radical leaders were incapable of governing; and he therefore systematically omitted them from his ministerial combinations. Unluckily he had no plan of government; his good sense resided in his character, and not in his intellect; delay and passivity were all his method. The only statesman congenial to him was M. de Freycinet, for the very reason that M. de Freycinet represented nothing, but was simply a clever, subtle, insinuating person, adroit in managing men of all parties, and in veiling with fine phrases the emptiness of his ideas and the nullity of his actions. Virile and positive characters were, on the other hand, intolerable to him; and Gambetta had no more implacable or more formidable enemy than the late president of the French republic. He had steadily opposed the policy of Gambetta in the National Assembly, when the latter was urging on the Left an alliance with M. Thiers and the Left Centre; and had stood out for a policy of no compromise which must have ended in ruining the influence of the Left; and he never forgave Gambetta the triumph he achieved, and the preponderance he attained, after the death of Thiers, over the Republican party. M. Grévy was the real though secret author of the fall of the Gambetta ministry. Yet, notwithstanding the part he then played, he would have retained, and justly retained, his political reputation, if he could have brought himself to decline re-election in 1886. It was a splendid opportunity for effecting, for the first time since the death of Louis XVIII., a normal and peaceful transfer of the supreme office of the State. But the Republican party was hopelessly divided; every one recoiled before the effort that would have been needed to support any new candidature, and the choice fell back upon M. Grévy, even though the public was already aware of the compromising influence of M. Wilson. M. Grévy and the Republicans alike suffered for their

mistake. It is all very well to say that the orderly manner in which the change was effected did credit to republican institutions; it does not do credit to republican institutions that the first three presidents of the republic have all been compelled to resign; and there is no concealing that the republic itself was injured by the discredit thrown on M. Grévy. With all his strong common sense, his undoubted political integrity, and his unquestionable patriotism, he has been hissed off the stage; while his son-in-law is scarcely out of one prosecution before he finds himself in danger of another.

But the expulsion of M. Grévy was only a beginning; it remained to choose his successor, and this was much more difficult. If Republicans failed to agree on the choice of a candidate, the Right might step in to decide the election, and what possible credit could attach to a president of the republic who owed his election to the enemies of the republic? Moreover, after all that had happened to discredit the executive and to betray the impotence of the Chambers, and after all the anxiety we had gone through in the spring about General Boulanger, it seemed desirable to choose a president with a character of his own, one who should represent in the eyes of the country some distinct governmental principle. Many Moderate Republicans were so strongly convinced of this necessity that they would gladly have elected M. Jules Ferry, the best-known of all our statesmen for his energy of character and his opposition to the men and measures of the Extreme Left — M. Jules Ferry, who had ventured openly to say, "*Le péril est à gauche.*" Others turned their eyes to General Saussier; but his candidature had to be dropped in face of the strenuous opposition roused by the very idea of a military president. The recollection of M. Boulanger's follies was too recent for anybody to think of proposing him. The candidature of M. Ferry roused a fury of opposition in the Radical camp. It was felt that his very name would have an irresistible influence in the country, and would turn the elections in favor of the Moderates. The Radical press broke out into a torrent of abuse. M. Ferry was the candidate of the Comte de Paris; he was the pope's candidate; he was Prince Bismarck's candidate. He was Ferry the traitor, Ferry the Prussian, Ferry the Clerical, Ferry the Orleanist. M. Déroulède, always to the fore when there is any absurdity in hand, agreed with MM. Eudes and Vaillant, the chiefs of the revolution-

ary party, to take arms if M. Ferry were elected. The municipal councillors, with M. Hovelacque at their head, overjoyed at the opportunity of playing a little part in politics, prepared to summon the Paris deputies to oppose M. Ferry's nomination, and threaten insurrection if it were carried. On the 1st and 2nd of December demonstrations, rather noisy than dangerous, took place at the Palais Bourbon and the Place de la Concorde. Baseless and absurd as it was, all this was not without its effect. A week later a madman, named Aubertin, fired two shots from a revolver at M. Ferry, thinking to rid the country of an agent of Bismarck and the Comte de Paris. But it was to none of these things that the failure of M. Ferry's candidature was really due. Its success was impossible from the first. M. Ferry could not command a sufficient number of Republican votes to make him independent of the support of the Right. Now, that support would have been fatal to him if he could have had it; and, besides, the Right never dreamt of giving it. To make M. Ferry president would have been, in all probability, to lend a hand to the formation of a Moderate Republican majority, and to lose a number of Royalist seats. The Right preferred to go on as we are, with the Republican forces crumbling to pieces, and the impotence of the government vexing the country, paralyzing business, and leaving the door open to a monarchical reaction. Moreover, many even of the Moderate Republicans withheld their support from M. Ferry, out of timidity and the fear of an alliance with the Right, and favored a candidate of less decisive views, who should continue the traditions of presidential neutrality bequeathed by M. Grévy.

The Radicals had their candidate. Their candidate was M. de Freycinet. Not that M. de Freycinet holds Radical principles himself, but a sufficient absence of character and principle seemed likely to do almost as well; and his conduct when he was last in office gave them reason to hope he would make a very manageable president. If at first they put forward the name of M. Floquet, it was only for the sake of offering at the last moment an apparent concession by abandoning him for M. de Freycinet. But the Moderates were even more opposed to M. de Freycinet than to M. Floquet, and they were just as determined against him as the Radicals against M. Ferry. From the first hour of the Congress which met at Versailles on the 3rd of December, it was

plain that neither M. Ferry nor M. de Freycinet could possibly succeed. At the meeting held beforehand by the Republicans, M. Ferry had indeed obtained a relative majority over the other candidates, but this relative majority could not mean an absolute majority in the whole Congress. It could be only some neutral candidate. A small group wished for M. Brisson who, some time ago, when president of the Chamber, was generally regarded as the eventual successor of M. Grévy; but his ill success as prime minister had destroyed his chances. He is one of those dull and sombre men who never succeed in anything, however much they deserve to succeed. Finally, M. Sadi Carnot was elected. There were two reasons for his election. The first reason was his name. He is the grandson of Lazare Carnot, the organizer of the armies of the first republic, and the son of M. Hippolyte Carnot, who was a minister in 1848, a member of the opposition under the empire, and who is now a senator and a member of the Institute. There was a certain fascination in the idea of summoning to the head of the State a man who bears an historic name. But the other reason was the stronger. It was this. M. Carnot, when minister of finance, was said to have refused, even at the urgent request of M. Wilson, to remit certain dues paid to the treasury by Messrs. Dreyfus, the guano-merchants, friends and clients of M. Grévy. The curious thing is that M. Carnot never really had the opportunity of performing this act of heroic integrity, which recommended him to the choice of the Congress. The heads of his department could not agree as to whether the dues had been legally levied or not; and he contented himself with postponing the decision, which was ultimately given by his successor in favor of Messrs. Dreyfus. So that M. Carnot has been made president of the French Republic for an act of integrity he never committed, and for giving himself the trouble to be born, like the heir of any royal house. Under a republican form of government the thing is curious.

However, the choice may be justified on other grounds. M. Carnot is a good engineer; he did good service at Havre during the war of 1870-71; he has since shown administrative faculty as minister of public works and of finance. He has been a member of the Cabinet under both M. Ferry and M. de Freycinet. Moderate in his opinions, he has made no enemies in any party; and his rigid honesty

is not the less undisputed that it never had the opportunity of display attributed to it by the legend. He is rich, and he has a very charming wife, who, notwithstanding a slight deafness, loves society, and likes having receptions. M. Carnot will fill his place with dignity, and he will not recoil, like M. Grévy, from the duties and the burdens it imposes on him. But it remains to be seen whether he has the knowledge of European affairs, the breadth of view, and the firmness of temper which are needed to make all that should be made of it, and to guide this country through the difficulties which lie before her.

He began with a mistake. The unanimity of the votes deceived him, and he took it for an indication of a real desire to lay aside party conflicts and unite in maintaining an orderly and prudent government till the next election. He did not see that the Radicals never can endure the *status quo*, and never unite with the Moderates except when the Moderates consent to adopt some part of their programme. Instead of simply retaining intact the Rouvier ministry, which had given proof of its solidity and administrative capacity, and explaining that, as the crisis had been presidential and not ministerial, he thought it best to await the indications offered by Parliament before modifying the Cabinet in any way, he wasted ten days in trying to solve the insoluble problem of Republican concentration, and to reconcile Moderates like M. Ribot with ultra-Radicals like M. Lacroix. It ended in his having to put up with a purely Moderate ministry under M. Tirard. It is just such another ministry as the last, only with all the members changed, except M. Flourens, who remains at the head of the Foreign Office, and M. Fallières, who leaves the Home Office to M. Sarrien, and takes the Ministry of Justice.

What are we to say of the future? The Radicals are not very likely to leave the Cabinet in peace. As soon as they saw that M. Carnot was not going to play into their hands by sending for M. de Freycinet, they stopped singing his praises and began to suspect him of wishing to exercise an illegal preponderance in political affairs. One of two things must happen. Either the Cabinet will hold together by the tolerance of the Right — and then we go back to the situation created by M. Rouvier — or it will collapse under the attacks of a coalition of the Right and the Extreme Left, and we shall find ourselves face to face with the very same difficulties

that followed the fall of the Goblet ministry or the election of the new president. In one word, the divisions of the Republican party, and the strength of the Monarchists in the Chamber, are making government impossible. No ministry can keep its seat except on condition that it does nothing and that nothing happens. The raising of a serious question is fatal to it; and as serious questions must be raised, no ministry can be secure. The government ought either to have the prudence to touch nothing but financial business till after the elections, or the courage to dissolve at once. But prudence it is useless to expect; and as to a dissolution, there could hardly be a worse time for it. If the Republicans could bring themselves to subordinate their personal interests to those of the country, they might all combine to demand a dissolution, declaring that their object in doing so was simply to eliminate the unconstitutional parties from the legislature. The one vital interest of the republic is to have a Republican majority in the Chamber of Deputies, as it has in the Senate. Even a Radical majority would be better than no majority at all. The essential thing is a ministry which shall be the true and undivided expression of the will of a majority, and which can rely on that majority for continuous support. Unfortunately, it is asking too much of the deputies to expect them to commit such a suicide for the sake of the common good. The Moderates might possibly consent to propose a dissolution; but the Radicals prefer to go on making it inevitable, and then denounce it as a *coup d'état*, and pose as its victims. It has been one of the calamities of the republic that the right of dissolution, which is essential to the working of parliamentary institutions, and which is the only means of holding in check the caprices of the members or putting an end to the anarchy of a hopelessly divided house, was applied for the first time (by the Duc de Broglie, under the presidency of Marshal MacMahon) for the very purpose of doing violence to the wishes of the country, and of breaking up a very strong and coherent majority. This iniquitous act has gone far to break the very springs of republican government, and it will be long before they recover their elasticity. Ministers are afraid to use the weapon which the Constitution puts into their hands; and if they did use it, there are plenty of good people who would think they were witnessing an act of violence on the part of the executive. The Radi-

cals are quite ready to cry out upon it as a *coup d'état*; while the Moderates are preparing, should dissolution become inevitable, to figure as the partisans of the president, and take advantage of the prestige of an executive recently installed amidst universal acclamation.

But the name of M. Carnot will be nothing but a screen. The real struggle will be between the partisans and the opponents of M. Ferry; and the real question will be whether or not M. Ferry shall come back to power. If he comes back, there will assuredly be a movement in the direction of a more Conservative Republicanism; if he does not, and things go on slipping into the hands of the Extreme Left, it will probably end in a state of disorder which may bring back a monarchy. M. Ferry's position has been considerably improved by recent events. He stood before the Congress as the only political personage whose name had a definite significance; and the Liberal *bourgeoisie* passionately desired his election. There would no doubt, at the first moment, be some troubles to suppress in Paris; but if a great change does not soon take place in the march of affairs we shall find ourselves, a little later on, in presence of far greater troubles. Already the agitators in Paris think it is due to them that M. Ferry was not elected. There might be circumstances in which they would be free to act more boldly, and would find the elements of resistance less prepared to meet them.

The attempt on M. Ferry's life, which so miraculously failed, was a stroke of good fortune. It gave occasion for one more proof of that admirable coolness and pluck which he had already shown during the war; and it created quite an explosion of sympathy with the victim and indignation against the reprobates whose frantic declamations in the press and on the platform had fired the brain of the assassin. The Alsatians and Lorrainers, in particular, took occasion to express their respect and attachment to M. Ferry, and to acquit him of the stupid calumnies which accused him of a want of patriotism. The prejudices which his enemies had succeeded in stirring up against him have all but disappeared; and it may safely be said that his popularity with the middle classes is such as it never was before. They await with impatience the moment when he shall be called to govern. The two most remarkable facts of the last few months are the sudden oblivion into which General Boulanger has fallen, and the reappearance

of M. Ferry as a leading figure on the scene.

Arts and letters do not greatly flourish amidst the agitations of a disturbed political life; and we have nothing eventful to note in the intellectual world. Still, these months have not been barren. First, there is the usual allowance of art exhibitions, which go on in unbroken succession all the year round. M. Puvis de Chavannes shows a collection of pictures of moderate size, together with studies and cartoons of his vast mural paintings. The exhibition has been useful in giving us a clearer insight into the character of this very original artist, who, in spite of shocking blunders, has realized so individual an ideal of beauty, and formed so noble a style, in a period when most painters despise any attempt at style, and aim only at the picturesque. The studies here exhibited show that M. de Chavannes' errors in drawing come from the effort after style. When he works direct from nature his drawing is masterly. Another thing that comes out at this exhibition is the fact that, after all, his strongest point is his coloring. It is sober coloring, in modified tints; but his harmony is wonderful, such as no one had reached before; and this it is which constitutes his distinctive quality as a decorator. At M. Petit's gallery thirty-three young painters have combined to open a Salon des Jeunes. Amongst them is Ary Renan, a son of M. Ernest Renan, whose unreal compositions and vivid tones of pure color recall the work of some of the English pre-Raphaelites. M. Dinet's landscapes are good. As to M. Friant, I have already remarked on his work at the Salon. He is, at twenty-five, a portraitist of the first rank, and there is no saying what he may not rise to. The Ecole des Beaux-Arts exhibits a collection of the pictures of Guillaumet, the truthful and delightful painter of Algeria. At Launette's library may be seen M. Lhermitte's charcoal sketches for the illustrations to a new book by M. A. Theuriet, "*La Vie Rustique*." A year ago, M. Launette, whose edition of M. Maurice Leloir's "*Manon Lescaut*" had already raised him to the first rank among artistic publishers, associated the pen of M. Theuriet with the pencil of M. Giacomelli in a volume of marvellous chromotypes, "*Le Monde des Oiseaux*." He has now realized a no less happy association in uniting that one of all our writers who can best speak of rural life with that one of all our painters who can best and most poetically paint it. M.

Lhermitte is not to be despised on canvas, but it is in black chalk that he is unrivalled. He has extraordinary delicacy of execution, and the effects of light he produces are marvellous. "*La Vie Rustique*" is full of both poetry and reality, and will delight all lovers of the country, which it represents under so many varied aspects.

The next best of the New Year books is the "*Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet*," illustrated by Le Blant, and published by Hachette. This Capitaine Coignet was a soldier who fought in all the wars of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire, rose by merit to the rank of captain, and amused himself in his old age by writing his memoirs. These papers, discovered by M. Lorédan Larchey, form a really inestimable record of the moral history of France under the first empire. The unlettered soldier, who never pretended to the faintest notion of orthography, turned out, without knowing it, a capital writer, so clear were his ideas, and so straightforward his character. M. le Blant, well known for his episodes of the Vendéan wars, contributes a very vigorous and faithful rendering of the most characteristic scenes in the story. Besides the numerous vignettes in the text, there are a number of plates consisting of larger compositions of very various character and effect.

Michelet's "*Jeanné d'Arc*," illustrated by Bida, is another charming book; though it is to be regretted that the eminent illustrator has not given more relief and individuality to the heroine herself.

M. R. Peyre's "*Napoleon and his Times*," published by Didot, has real historic value. It is an impartial and well-informed account of the life of Napoleon, and at the same time a very complete survey of the French society of the period. The illustrations reproduce in facsimile almost all the documents which serve to reveal "the body of the time, his form and pressure." The execution of the illustrations occasionally leaves something to be desired; but the volume forms, nevertheless, a very interesting Napoleonic museum. The same firm is publishing in parts the noble work of M. Lebon on the "*Civilizations of India*."

M. Plon has made a great success with his delightful children's books, illustrated by M. Boutet de Monvel, who has such a clever way of mixing the most delicate irony with his simplicity, and whose fine decorative feeling has achieved surprising effects of color in flat tints. M. Boutet

de Monvel is one of our most original men. He has created a new style of illustration in France, as Kate Greenaway did in England, and his work, though it is less poetic, is quite as original, more skilful, and more varied than hers.

The chief literary event that marked the end of the year was the appearance of the first volume of M. Renan's "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël." M. Renan has already given us the rise of Christianity, from the time of its founder to the third century; and he now proposes to supply the natural preface to his work by tracing back the history of the Jewish people, and showing the development of that idea of God which ultimately found its incarnation in Jesus Christ. The new book is to be in four volumes; and the first contains all the legendary part of the history, and brings us down to David. M. Renan, while he brings out with his usual bold and delicate touch the salient facts of a history which has but little direct and contemporary evidence to rest upon, has set himself more particularly to determine the principal phases of the development of the religious idea. It is from this point of view that the book will be most interesting and will excite the most controversy. According to M. Renan, the primitive religion of Israel was the worship of the *Elohim*, a collective name for the invisible forces that govern the world, and which are vaguely conceived as forming a supreme power at once single and manifold. This vague primitive monotheism gets modified during the migrations of the children of Israel, and especially during their struggles for the conquest of Palestine, and at last gives place to the conception of Jahveh, a national God, conceived after the fashion of the gods of polytheism, essentially anthropomorphic, the God of Israel, in conflict with the gods of the surrounding nations. It was the task of the prophets to change this low and narrow conception of the Deity for a nobler one, to bring back the Jews to the Elohist idea in a spiritualized form, and to transform the Jahveh of the times of the judges into a God of all the earth, universal, one, and absolute—that God in spirit and in truth of whom Jesus, the last of the prophets, completed the revelation.

This new volume of Renan's, which, in a society more interested in the great problems of history and philosophy, would have attracted public attention in the highest degree, has hardly been read as yet by any but men of learning. Modern society

is very frivolous, and reads but little. Spoilt by the habit of skimming over journals and reviews, it has come to dread all works of any length, and especially those which require a continuous effort of thought or attention. It is almost inclined to make a bit of scandal a *sine quâ non*. What it likes best of all is either autobiography or fiction; and even in fiction it is on the lookout for allusions and betrayals. It is gloating now with morbid curiosity over the second volume of the "Journal des Goncourt," in which those authors pillory themselves without shame or reserve, and repeat in the most injudicious way every cynical or extravagant remark that may have escaped their friends. They give the most melancholy impression of the literary society of Paris under the empire. Daudet, indeed, presents a fairer side of it in his charming little book, "Thirty Years of my life in Paris." There is always something that makes one wince in seeing a man publish himself during his lifetime; but Daudet puts into it such sunny good temper, such insinuating wit and southern vivacity, that one is glad to put by one's scruples, shake hands, and enjoy oneself with him.

Then there are the sensational novels. In the competition that goes on amongst our novelists to see who shall go farthest in immorality and indecency, MM. Zola and Mendès have distanced all the rest; the first by the unmeasured brutality and grossness of his new story, "La Terre," in which the manners of the peasantry are depicted in the most extravagant and untruthful colors; and the second by his wilful perversity and his pretentious and refined immorality. Happily, a reaction has at last set in against these deplorable tendencies. "La Terre" gave rise to general indignation, and a group of the younger disciples of M. Zola himself publicly protested against excesses which are a disgrace to the name of naturalism.

But why must the nobler spirits, the finer minds, such as M. P. Bourget, allow themselves to be dragged down by the odious taste of the day, and to pollute their books with descriptions which make them unreadable by women of any delicacy? It is all the more lamentable because the powers of M. Bourget are growing and ripening with every volume he publishes. His last novel, "Mensonges," contains the most powerful representations of middle-class life, high life, artist life, and dramatic life; and the central idea of his book—that the seductions of sense are the ruin of intellectual power as well

as of character — is neither frivolous nor ignoble.

M. Guy de Maupassant is the very opposite of M. P. Bourget. In place of an emotional mysticism, we have a robust and somewhat hard realism; instead of the delicacies of a nervous and sparkling style, we have sober, strong, and simple language. Both are pessimists; but while Bourget saddens at the ills and vices of humanity, Maupassant seems rather to take delight in exposing its essential and incurable selfishness. His last story, "Pierre et Jean," is a very simple and touching drama; but it is a most distressing one, from the determination shown by the author to reduce the whole play of human feeling to a fundamental principle of pure egoism. Pierre Loti, for his part, is not a philosopher at all, yet he too is a pessimist; he contents himself with chronicling sensations, and, as there is nothing in the world more fugitive than a sensation, he leaves a sufficiently sad impression of the vanity of human life. His "Madame Chrysanthème" is another of his foreign marriages, and this time it is a little Japanese lady, brainless and frivolous — a pretty little figure copied from a screen; and he takes the opportunity of describing, with that happy art we know so well, the life and landscape of Japan.

The theatrical season has been a brilliant one, though unmarked by any of those great successes which place a work once for all in the repertory of the future. M. Pailleron has not repeated in "La Souris" the triumph of "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," though it is perhaps the more finely worked out of the two. He has chosen one of those delicately tinted subjects which, like the "Philiberte" of Emile Augier, are attractive only to the thoughtful few. The whole interest of the piece lies in the development of the character of a young girl, who goes by the name of "the mouse." She falls in love with a man of mature age, whom all the women pay court to, and ends by winning his affection. The whole thing is done in light and lively conversations, in touches of delicate sentiment and analysis. It is a mere trifle — only, it is charming.

In spite of all the skill and care with which M. Pailleron's little piece was put on the stage at the Théâtre Français, the public as a whole prefers something stronger — something that appeals to its nerves and its senses. The success of M. Sardou's "La Tosca" at the Porte St. Martin, and of "L'Affaire Clémenceau" — taken by M. d'Artois from a novel of

M. A. Dumas — at the Vaudeville, is due to the somewhat brutal way in which these two pieces excite the emotion of the spectators. "La Tosca" was done on purpose to display the powers of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who shows herself by turns tender, sarcastic, imploring, terrified, angry, and desperate. But it has in addition the fine dramatic feeling, the historical insight, and that quality of *being alive*, which ensures for all the plays of M. Sardou, if not a permanent reputation, a great run for the time being. In "La Tosca" our nerves are shaken by the cries of a man bleeding under the torture, and by the scene in which the heroine kills the man who had offered her her lover's life at the price of her own honor; in "L'Affaire Clémenceau," the interest again hinges on a murder, for the sculptor stabs his wife for her unfaithfulness, though he cannot cease to love her. Perhaps the piece owes some of its success to the other telling scenes, in which Iza poses to her husband for a statue of Danaë, or enters the ball disguised as a page. But the profound human interest of the novel quite disappears in the play, and there remains nothing but a sort of variety entertainment, very stagy, very sensual, very brutal, and very cleverly put together by M. d'Artois.

M. Halévy's "Abbé Constantin," given at the Gymnase, is in a softer strain; and though this delicious trifle has suffered almost as much as "L'Affaire Clémenceau" in its transfer to the boards, it is a great rest to find oneself for a whole evening in the company of people who are good — and so very cleverly good. M. Halévy can do anything he likes with us; he makes us quite believe the most unlikely things, and identify ourselves by sympathy with people who are all that is virtuous and rich and happy and nice. You spend the evening in a charmed world — something between the Earthly Paradise and the land of Cockayne; and you dream out the delightful dream without ever waking up to be critical. Whatever may be said of it as a play, it is a charming bit of literature, and that is saying something.

The opera has given us nothing new. The only musical events have been the performance of M. Gounod's "Mors et Vita" at Rouen, and the reproduction at the Concert Colonna of M. Massenet's first and perhaps best work, "Marie Madeleine." Into that work he threw the whole passion of his twenty-five years and the first freshness of his inspiration. He was then still in Rome, and just engaged to

the lady who afterwards became his wife, and the oratorio bears the stamp of the religious and emotional enthusiasm awakened in the soul of the young artist and lover by the sight of the Eternal City, and the sublime yet gracious forms of the Albanian and Sabine landscape. Madame Krauss lent all her great dramatic force to the interpretation of this rich and passionate music, and M. Massenet enjoyed at the Châtelet concerts one of the finest triumphs of his brilliant career.

A word must be said of two very interesting theatrical experiments. One of these is the Theatre of Transparencies (*ombres chinoises*) opened at the original Café du Chat Noir, where M. Salis holds his new Bohemia of impressionist painters and poets of the decadence. These pantomimes in colored transparencies are not only picturesque, they show real dramatic — not to say poetic — invention, and they do great credit to the efforts of the designers, MM. Carau d'Ache, Sahib, Willett, and Rivière. The other experiment is the Théâtre Libre, founded for the purpose of giving, from time to time, representations by amateur actors, or actors borrowed from the various theatres, of pieces which, from their original or even eccentric character, could hardly find their way on to the regular stage. Thus they propose to attempt Tolstoy's terrible drama "La Puissance des Ténébres." So far, the only play given at the free theatre which has really succeeded with the public has been a little piece taken from the best of the Goncourts' novels, "Sœur Philomène."

In conclusion, we have one death to chronicle which has been a real event in Paris — the death of Mme. Boucicaut. She began life with a little draper's shop in the Rue de Sèvres, married her assistant, and the two together, by dint of their own prudence and capacity, gradually increased their business till it grew into the Bon Marché, the biggest shop in Paris, and very nearly the biggest in the world. The place is a marvel of organization. Mme. Boucicaut lost first her husband and then her son; and she then associated with her in the business her ten principal *employés*, and afterwards turned the Bon Marché into one great co-operative establishment, in which every *employé* has an interest proportioned to his office and his salary. At her death, she bequeathed the greater part of her immense fortune to her *employés*, entreating them to carry on in the same spirit "the work into which she had put all her ambition and all her heart." She gave magnificent legacies to a number

of philanthropic undertakings, without distinction of creed, and left the residue, amounting to some ten million francs, to the hospitals. It is no mean sign of the democratic day we live in when a little draperess lives to make such princely largess, and shows a royalty of spirit that kings might envy. The gift of Chantilly to the Institute by the Duc d'Aumale, and the will of Mme. Boucicaut — these are the two titles of honor of the year 1887.

G. MONOD.

From Murray's Magazine.
THE WAITING SUPPER.

BY THOMAS HARDY.
AUTHOR OF "THE WOODLANDERS," ETC.

I.

WHOEVER had perceived the yeoman's tall figure standing on Squire Everard's lawn in the dusk of that October evening fifty years ago, might have said at first sight that he was loitering there from idle curiosity. For a large five-light window of the manor-house in front of him was unshuttered and uncurtained, so that the illuminated room within could be scanned almost to its four corners. Obviously nobody was ever expected to be in this part of the grounds after nightfall.

The apartment thus commanded by an eye from without was occupied by two persons only; they were sitting over desert, the tablecloth having been removed in the old-fashioned way. The fruits were local, consisting of apples, pears, nuts, and such other products of the summer as might be presumed to grow on the estate. There was strong ale and rum on the table, and but little wine. Moreover, the appointments of the dining-room were simple and homely even for the date, betokening a countrified household of the smaller gentry, without much wealth or ambition — formerly a numerous class, but now in great part ousted by the territorial landlords.

One of the two sitters was a young lady in white muslin, who listened somewhat impatiently to the remarks of her companion, an elderly, rubicund personage, whom the merest stranger could have pronounced to be her father. The watcher evinced no signs of moving, and it became evident that affairs were not so simple as they first had seemed. The tall farmer was in fact no accidental spectator, and he stood by premeditation close to the trunk of a tree, so that had any traveller

passed along the road without the park gate, or even along the drive to the door, that person would scarce have noticed the other, notwithstanding that the gate was quite near at hand, and the park little larger than a paddock. There was still light enough in the western heaven to brighten faintly one side of the man's face, and to show against the dark mass of foliage behind the admirable cut of his profile; also to reveal that the front of the manor-house, small though it seemed, was solidly built of stone in that never-to-be-surpassed style for the English country residence — the mullioned and transomed Elizabethan.

The lawn, although neglected, was still as level as a bowling-green — which indeed it might once have served for; and the blades of grass before the window were raked by the candle-shine, which stretched over them so far as to touch faintly the yeoman's face on that side.

Within the dining-room there were also, with one of the twain, the same signs of a hidden purpose that marked the farmer. The young lady's mind was straying as clearly into the shadows as that of the loiterer was fixed upon the room — nay, it could be said that she was even cognisant of the presence of him outside. Impatience caused her little foot to beat silently on the carpet, and she more than once rose to leave the table. This proceeding was checked by her father, who would put his hand upon her shoulder, and unceremoniously press her down into her chair, till he should have concluded his observations. Her replies were brief enough, and there was factitiousness in her smiles of assent to his views. A small iron case-mement between two of the mullions was open, so that some occasional words of the dialogue were audible without.

"As for drains — how can I put in drains? The pipes don't cost much, that's true; but the labor in sinking the trenches is ruination. And then the gates — they should be hung to stone posts, otherwise there's no keeping them up through harvest." The squire's voice was strongly toned with the local accent, so that he said "drains" and "geäts" like the rustics on his estate.

The landscape without grew darker, and the young man's figure seemed to be absorbed into the trunk of the tree. The small stars filled in between the larger, the nebulae between the small stars, the trees quite lost their voice; and if there was still a sound, it was the purl of a stream which stretched along under the

trees that bounded the lawn on its northern side.

At last the young girl did get to her feet, and so secured her retreat. "I have something to do, papa," she said. "I shall not be in the drawing-room just yet."

"Very well," replied he. "Then I won't hurry." And closing the door behind her, he drew his decanters together, and settled down in his chair.

Three minutes after that, a female shape emerged from a little garden door which admitted from the lawn to the entrance front, and came across the grass. She kept well clear of the dining-room window, but enough of its light fell on her to show, escaping from the long, dark-hooded cloak that she wore, stray verges of the same light dress which had figured but recently at the dinner-table. The hood was contracted tight about her face with a drawing-string, making her countenance small and baby-like, and lovelier even than before.

Without hesitation she brushed across the grass to the tree under which the young man stood concealed. The moment she had reached him he enclosed her form with his arm. The meeting and embrace, though by no means formal, were yet not passionate; the whole proceeding was that of persons who had repeated the act so often as to be unconscious of its performance. She turned within his arm, and faced in the same direction with himself, which was towards the window; and thus they stood without speaking, the back of her head leaning against his shoulder. For a while each seemed to be thinking his and her diverse thoughts.

"You have kept me waiting a long time, dear Christine," he said at last. "I wanted to speak to you particularly, or I should not have stayed. How came you to be dining at this time o' night?"

"My father has been out all day, and dinner was put back till five o'clock. I know I have kept you; but Nicholas, how can I help it sometimes, if I am not to run any risk? My poor father insists upon my listening to all he has to say; since my brother left he has had nobody else to listen to him; and to-night he was particularly tedious on his usual topics — draining, and tenant farmers, and the village people. I must take daddy to London; he gets so narrow always staying here."

"And what did you say to it all?"

"Oh, I took the part of the tenant farmers, of course, as the beloved of one should in duty do." There followed a little break or gasp, implying a strangled sigh.

"You are sorry you have encouraged that believing one?"

"O no, Nicholas. What is it you want to see me for particularly?"

"I know you *are* sorry, as time goes on, and everything is at a deadlock, with no prospect of change, and your rural swain loses his freshness! Only think, this secret understanding between us has lasted near three year, ever since you was a little over sixteen."

"Yes; it has been a long time."

"And I an untamed, uncultivated man, who has never seen London, and who knows nothing about society at all."

"Not uncultivated, dear Nicholas. Untravelled, socially unpractised, if you will," she said, smiling. "Well, I did sigh; but not because I regret being your plighted one. What I do sometimes regret is that the scheme, which my meetings with you are but a part of, has not been carried out in its entirety. You said, Nicholas, that if I consented to swear to keep faith with you, you would go away and travel, and see nations, and peoples, and cities, and take a professor with you, and study books and art, simultaneously with your study of men and manners; and then come back at the end of two years, when I should find that my father would by no means be indisposed to accept you as a son-in-law. You said your reason for wishing to get my promise before starting was that your mind would then be more at rest when you were far away, and so could give itself more completely to knowledge, than if you went as my unaccepted lover only, fuming with anxiety as to my favor when you came back. I saw how reasonable that was; and solemnly plighted myself to you in consequence. But instead of going to see the world, you stay on and on here to see me."

"And you don't want me to see you?"

"Yes — no — it is not that. It is that I have latterly felt frightened at what I am doing when not in your actual presence. It seems so wicked not to tell my father that I have a lover close at hand, within touch and view of both of us; whereas, if you were absent my conduct would not seem quite so treacherous. The realities would not stare at one so. You would be a pleasant dream to me, which I should be free to indulge in without reproach of my conscience; I should live in hopeful expectation of your returning fully qualified boldly to claim me of my father. There, I have been terribly frank, I know."

He in his turn had lapsed into gloomy

breathings now. "I did plan it as you state," he answered. "I did mean to go away the moment I had your promise. But, dear Christine, I did not foresee two or three things. I did not know what a lot of pain it would cost to tear myself from you. And I did not know that my miserly uncle — heaven forgive me calling him so! — would so positively refuse to advance me money for my purpose — the scheme of travelling with an accomplished tutor costing a formidable sum o' money. You have no idea what it would cost!"

"But I have agreed to find the money."

"Ah, there," he returned, "you have hit a sore place. To speak truly, dear, I would rather stay unpolished a hundred years than take your money."

"But why? Men continually use the money of the women they marry."

"Yes; but not till afterwards. No man would like to touch your money at present, and I should feel very mean if I were to do so in present circumstances. That brings me to what I was going to propose. But no — upon the whole I will not propose it now."

"Ah! I would guarantee expenses, and you won't let me! The money is my personal possession; it comes to me from my late grandfather, and not from my father at all."

He laughed forcedly and pressed her hand. "There are more reasons why I cannot tear myself away," he added. "What would become of my uncle's farming? Six hundred acres in this parish, and five hundred in the next — a constant traipsing from one farm to the other; he can't be in two places at once. Still, that might be got over if it were not for the other matters. Besides, dear, I still should be a little uneasy, even though I have your promise, lest somebody should snap you up away from me."

"Ah, you should have thought of that before! Otherwise I have committed myself for nothing."

"I should have thought of it," he answered gravely. "But I did not. There lies my fault, I admit it freely. Ah, if you would only commit yourself a little more, I might at least get over that difficulty! But I won't ask you. You have no idea how much you are to me still; you could not argue so coolly if you had. What property belongs to you I hate the very sound of; it is you I care for. I wish you hadn't a farthing in the world but what I could earn for you!"

"I don't altogether wish that," she murmured.

"I wish it, because it would have made what I was going to propose much easier to do than it is now. Indeed I will not propose it, although I came on purpose, after what you have said in your frankness."

"Nonsense, Nic. Come, tell me. How can you be so touchy!"

"Look at this then, Christine dear." He drew from his breast-pocket a sheet of paper and unfolded it, when it was observable that a seal dangled from the bottom.

"What is it?" She held the paper sideways, so that what there was of window-light fell on its surface. "I can only read the old-English letters — why — our names! Surely it is not a marriage-license?"

"It is."

She trembled. "Oh Nic; how could you do this — and without telling me!"

"Why should I have thought I must tell you? You had not spoken 'frankly' then as you have now. We have been all to each other more than these two years, and I thought I would propose that we marry privately, and that I then leave you on the instant. I would have taken my travelling-bag to church, and you would have gone home alone. I should not have started on my adventures in the brilliant manner of our original plan, but should have roughed it a little at first; my great gain would have been that the absolute possession of you would have enabled me to work with spirit and purpose, such as nothing else could do. But I dare not ask you now — so frank as you have been."

She did not answer. The document he had produced gave such unexpected substantiality to the venture with which she had so long toyed as a vague dream merely, that she was, in truth, frightened a little. "I — don't know about it!" she said.

"Perhaps not. Ah, my little lady, you are wearying of me!"

"No, Nic," responded she, creeping closer. "I am not. Upon my word, and truth, and honor, I am not, Nic."

"A mere tiller of the soil, as I should be called," he continued, without heeding her. "And you — well, a daughter of one of the — I won't say oldest families, because that's absurd, all families are the same age — one of the longest chronicled families about here, whose name is actually the name of the place."

"That's not much, I am sorry to say. My poor brother — but I won't speak of that. Well," she murmured mischiev-

ously, after a pause, "you certainly would not need to be uneasy if I were to do this that you want me to do. You would have me safe enough in your trap then; I couldn't get away."

"That's just it!" he said vehemently. "It *is* a trap — you feel it so, and that though you wouldn't be able to get away from me you might particularly wish to. Ah, if I had asked you two years ago you would have agreed instantly! But I thought I was bound to wait for the proposal to come from you as the superior."

"Now you are angry, and take seriously what I meant purely in fun. You don't know me even yet. To show you that you have not been mistaken in me, I *do* propose to carry out this license. I'll marry you, dear Nicholas, to-morrow morning."

"Ah, Christine! I am afraid I have stung you on to this, so that I cannot —"

"No, no, no!" she hastily rejoined; and there was something in her tone which suggested that she had been put upon her mettle and would not flinch. "Take me whilst I am in the humor. What church is the license for?"

"That I've not looked to see — why our parish church here, of course. Ah, then we cannot use it! We dare not be married here."

"We do dare," said she. "And we will too, if you'll be there."

"If I'll be there!"

They speedily came to an agreement that he should be in the church porch at ten minutes to eight on the following morning, awaiting her; and that, immediately after the conclusion of the service which would make them one, Nicholas should set out on his long-deferred educational tour, towards the cost of which she was resolving to bring a substantial subscription with her to church. Then, slipping from him, she went indoors by the way she had come, and Nicholas bent his steps homewards.

II.

INSTEAD of leaving the lawn by the gate, he flung himself over the fence, and pursued a direction towards the river under the trees. And it was now, in his lonely progress, that he showed for the first time outwardly that he was not altogether unworthy of her. He wore long water-boots reaching above his knees, and, instead of making a circuit to find a bridge by which he might cross the Swenn — as the river aforesaid was called — he made straight for the point whence proceeded the low roar that was at this hour the only

evidence of the stream's existence. He speedily stood on the verge of the waterfall which caused the noise, and stepping into the water at the top of the same, waded through with the sure tread of one who knew every inch of his footing, even though the canopy of trees rendered the darkness almost absolute, and a false step would have precipitated him into the pool beneath. Soon reaching the boundary of the grounds, he continued in the same direct line to traverse the alluvial valley, full of brooks and tributaries to the main stream—in former times quite impassable, and impassable in winter now. Sometimes he would cross a deep gully on a plank not wider than the hand; at another time he ploughed his way through beds of spear-grass, where at a few feet to the right or left he might have been sucked down into a morass. At last he reached firm land on the other side of this watery tract, and came to his house on the rise behind—an ordinary farmstead, from the back of which rose indistinct breathings, belchings, and snortings, the rattle of halters, and other familiar features of an agriculturist's home.

While Nicholas Long was packing his bag in an upper room of this dwelling, Miss Christine Everard sat at a desk in her own chamber at Swenn-Everard manor-house, looking with pale fixed countenance at the candles.

"I ought—I must now!" she whispered to herself. "I should not have begun it if I had not meant to carry it through! It runs in the blood of us, I suppose." She alluded to a fact unknown to her lover, the clandestine marriage of an aunt under circumstances somewhat similar to the present. In a few minutes she had penned the following note:—

"October 13, 1838.

"DEAR MR. EASTMAN,—Can you make it convenient to yourself to meet me at the church to-morrow morning at eight? I name the early hour because it would suit me better than later on in the day. You will find me in the chancel, if you can come. An answer yes or no by the bearer of this will be sufficient.

"CHRISTINE EVERARD."

She sent the note to the rector immediately, waiting at a small side door of the house till she heard the servant's footsteps returning along the lane, when she went round and met him in the passage. The rector had taken the trouble to write a line, and answered that he would meet her with pleasure.

A dripping fog which ushered in the next morning was highly favorable to the scheme of the pair. At that time of the century Swenn-Everard House had not been altered into a farm-homestead; the public lane passed close under its walls; and there was a door opening directly from one of the old parlors—the south parlor, as it was called—into the lane which led to the village. Christine came out this way, and after following the lane for a short distance entered upon a path within a belt of plantation, by which the church could be reached privately. She even avoided the churchyard gate, walking along to a place where the turf without the low wall rose into a mound, enabling her to mount upon the coping and spring down inside. She crossed the wet graves, and so glided round to the door. He was there, with his bag in his hand. He kissed her with a sort of surprise, as if he had expected that at the last moment her heart would fail her.

Though it had not failed her, there was, nevertheless, no great ardor in Christine's bearing—merely the momentum of an antecedent impulse. They went up the aisle together, the bottle-green glass of the old lead quarries admitting but little light at that hour, and under such an atmosphere. They stood by the altar-rail in silence, Christine's skirt visibly quivering at each beat of her heart.

Presently a quick step ground upon the gravel, and Mr. Eastman came round by the front. He was a quiet bachelor, courteous towards Christine, and, not at first recognizing in Nicholas a neighboring yeoman (for he lived in a remote part of the parish), advanced to her without revealing any surprise at her unusual request. But in truth he was surprised, the keen interest taken by many country young women at the present day in church decoration and festivals being then unknown.

"Good-morning," he said; and repeated the same words to Nicholas mechanically.

"Good-morning," she replied gravely. "Mr. Eastman, I have a serious reason for asking you to meet me—us, I may say. We wish you to marry us."

The rector's gaze hardened to fixity, rather between than upon either of them, and he neither moved nor replied for some time.

"Ah!" he said at last.

"And we are quite ready."

"I had no idea——"

"It has been kept rather private," she said calmly.

"Where are your witnesses?"

"They are outside in the meadow, sir. I can call them in a moment," said Nicholas.

"Oh — I see it is — Mr. Nicholas Long," said Mr. Eastman, and turning again to Christine, "Does your father know of this?"

"Is it necessary that I should answer that question, Mr. Eastman?"

"I am afraid it is — highly necessary."

Christine began to look concerned.

"Where is the license?" the rector asked; "since there have been no banns."

Nicholas produced it, Mr. Eastman read it, an operation which occupied him several minutes — or at least he made it appear so; till Christine said impatiently, "We are quite ready, Mr. Eastman. Will you proceed? Mr. Long has to take a journey of a great many miles to-day."

"And you?"

"No. I remain."

Mr. Eastman assumed firmness. "There is something wrong in this," he said. "I cannot marry you without your father's presence."

"But have you a right to refuse us?" interposed Nicholas. "I believe we are in a position to demand your fulfilment of our request."

"No, you are not. Is Miss Everard of age? I think not. I think she is far from being so. Eh, Miss Everard?"

"Am I bound to tell that?"

"Certainly. At any rate you are bound to write it. Meanwhile I refuse to solemnize the service. And let me entreat you two young people to do nothing so rash as this, even if by going to some strange church, you may do so without discovery. The tragedy of marriage —"

"Tragedy?"

"Certainly. It is full of crises and catastrophes, and ends with the death of one of the actors. The tragedy of marriage, as I was saying, is one I shall not be a party to your beginning with such light hearts, and I shall feel bound to put your father on his guard, Miss Everard. Think better of it, I entreat you! Remember the proverb, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure.'"

Christine grew passionate, almost stormed at him. Nicholas implored; but nothing would turn that obstinate rector. She sat down and painfully reflected. By-and-by she confronted Mr. Eastman.

"Our marriage is not to be this morning, I see," she said. "Now grant me one favor, and in return I'll promise you to do nothing rashly. Do not tell my

father a word of what has happened here."

"I agree — if you undertake not to elope."

She looked at Nicholas, and he looked at her. "Do you wish me to elope, Nic?" she asked.

"No," he said.

So the compact was made, and they left the church singly, Nicholas remaining till the last, and closing the door. On his way home, carrying the well-packed bag which was just now to go no further, the two men who were mending water-carriers in the meadows approached the hedge, as if they had been on the alert all the time.

"You said you mid want us for zummat, sir?"

"All right — never mind," he answered through the hedge. "I did not require you after all."

III.

At a neighboring manor there lived a queer and primitive couple who had lately been blessed with a son and heir. The christening took place during the week under notice, and this had been followed by a feast to the parishioners. Christine's father, one of the same generation and kind, had been asked to drive over and assist in the entertainment, and Christine, as a matter of course, accompanied him.

When they reached Eldhampton Hall, as the house was called, they found the usually quiet nook a lively spectacle. Tables had been spread in the apartment which lent its name to the whole building — the hall proper — covered with a fine open-timbered roof, whose braces, purlins and rafters made a brown thicket of oak overhead. Here tenantry of all ages sat with their wives and families, and the servants were assisted in their ministrations by the sons and daughters of the owner's friends and neighbors. Christine lent a hand among the rest.

She was holding a plate in each hand towards a huge brown platter of baked rice-pudding, from which a footman was scooping a large spoonful, when a voice reached her ear over her shoulder: "Allow me to hold them for you."

Christine turned, and recognized in the speaker the nephew of the entertainer, a young man from London, whom she had already met on two or three occasions. She accepted the proffered help, and from that moment, whenever he passed her in their marchings to and fro during the re-

mainder of the serving, he smiled acquaintance. When their work was done, he improved the few words into a conversation. He plainly had been attracted by her fairness.

Bellston was a self-assured young man, not particularly good-looking, with more color in his skin than even Nicholas had. He had flushed a little in attracting her notice, though the flush had nothing of nervousness in it—the air with which it was accompanied making it curiously suggestive of a flush of anger; and even when he laughed it was difficult to banish that fancy.

The rich autumn sunlight streamed in through the window-panes upon the heads and shoulders of the venerable patriarchs of the hamlet, and upon the middle-aged, and upon the young; upon men and women who had played out, or were to play tragedies or tragi-comedies in that nook of civilization not less great, humanly, than those which, enacted on more central arenas, fix the attention of the world. One of the party was a cousin of Nicholas Long's, who sat with her husband and children.

To make himself as locally harmonious as possible, Mr. Bellston remarked to his companion on the scene,—

"It does one's heart good," he said, "to see these simple peasants enjoying themselves."

"Oh, Mr. Bellston!" exclaimed Christine; "don't be too sure about that word 'simple.' You little think what they see and meditate. Their reasonings and emotions are as complicated as ours."

She spoke with a vehemence which would have been hardly present in her words but for her own relation to Nicholas. The sense of that produced in her a nameless depression thenceforward. The young man, however, still followed her up.

"I am glad to hear you say it," he returned warmly. "I was merely attuning myself to your mood, as I thought. The real truth is that I know more of the Parthians, and Medes, and dwellers in Mesopotamia—almost of any people, indeed—than of the English rustics. Travel and exploration are my profession, not the study of the British peasantry."

Travel. There was sufficient coincidence between his declaration and the course she had urged upon her lover, to lend Bellston's account of himself a certain interest in Christine's ears. He might perhaps be able to tell her something that would be useful to Nicholas, if their

dream were carried out. A door opened from the hall into the garden, and she somehow found herself outside, chatting with Mr. Bellston on this topic, till she thought that, upon the whole, she liked the young man. The garden being his uncle's, he took her round it with an air of proprietorship; and they went on amongst the Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums, and through a door to the fruit-garden. A greenhouse was open, and he went in and cut her a bunch of grapes.

"How daring of you! They are your uncle's."

"Oh, he don't mind—I do anything here. A rough old buffer, isn't he?"

She was thinking of her Nic, and felt that by comparison with her present acquaintance, the farmer more than held his own as a fine and intelligent fellow; but the harmony with her own existence in little things, which she found here, imparted an alien tinge to Nicholas just now. The latter, idealized by moonlight, or a thousand miles of distance, was altogether a more romantic object for a woman's dream than this smart, new-lacquered man; but in the sun of afternoon, and amid a surrounding company, Mr. Bellston was a very tolerable companion.

When they re-entered the hall, Bellston entreated her to come with him up a spiral stair in the thickness of the wall, leading to a passage and gallery, whence they could look down upon the scene below. The people had finished their feast, the newly christened baby had been exhibited, and a few words having been spoken to them they began, amid a racketing of forms, to make for the greensward without, Nicholas's cousin and cousin's wife and cousin's children among the rest. While they were filing out, a voice was heard calling,—

"Hullo!—here, Jim; where are you?" said Bellston's uncle. The young man descended, Christine following at leisure.

"Now will ye be a good fellow," the squire continued, "and set them going outside in some dance or other that they know? I'm dead tired, and I want to have a few words with Mr. Everard before we join 'em—hey, Everard? They are shy till somebody starts 'em; afterwards they'll keep gwine brisk enough."

"Ay, that they wool," said Squire Everard.

They followed to the lawn; and here it proved that James Bellston was as shy, or rather as averse, as any of the tenantry themselves, to acting the part of fugleman. Only the parish people had been at the

feast, but outlying neighbors had now strolled in for a dance.

"They want 'Speed the Plough,'" said Bellston, coming up breathless. "It must be a country dance, I suppose? Now, Miss Everard, do have pity upon me. I am supposed to lead off; but really I know no more about speeding the plough than a child just born! Would you take one of the villagers?—just to start them, my uncle says. Suppose you take that handsome young farmer over there—I don't know his name, but I dare say you do—and I'll come on with one of the dairyman's daughters as second couple."

Christine turned in the direction signified, and changed color—though in the shade nobody noticed it. "Oh, yes—I know him," she said coolly. "He is from our own place—Mr. Nicholas Long."

"That's capital—then you can easily make him stand as first couple with you. Now I must pick up mine."

"I—I think I'll dance with you, Mr. Bellston," she said with some trepidation. "Because, you see," she explained eagerly, "I know the figure, and you don't—so that I can help you; while Nicholas Long, I know, is familiar with the figure, and that will make two couples who know it—which is necessary, at least."

Bellston showed his gratification by one of his angry-pleasant flushes—he had hardly dared to ask for what she proffered freely; and having requested Nicholas to take the dairyman's daughter, led Christine to her place, Long promptly stepping up second with his charge. There were grim, silent depths in Nic's character; a small, deedy spark in his eye, as it caught Christine's, was all that showed his consciousness of her. Then the fiddlers began—the celebrated Mellstock fiddlers who, given free stripping, could play from sunset to dawn without turning a hair. The couples wheeled and swung, Nicholas taking Christine's hand in the course of business with the figure, when she waited for him to give it a little squeeze; but he did not.

Christine had the greatest difficulty in steering her partner through the maze, on account of his self-will, and when at last they reached the bottom of the long line, she was breathless with her hard labor. Resting here, she watched Nic and his lady; and, though she had decidedly cooled off in these later months, began to admire him anew. Nobody knew these dances like him, after all, or could do anything of this sort so well. His performance with the dairyman's daughter so won

upon her, that when "Speed the Plough" was over she contrived to speak to him.

"Nic, you are to dance with me next time."

He said he would, and presently asked her in a formal public manner, lifting his hat gallantly. She showed a little backwardness, which he quite understood, and allowed him to lead her to the top, a row of enormous length appearing below them as if by magic as soon as they had taken their places. Truly the squire was right when he said that they only wanted starting.

"What is it to be?" whispered Nicholas.

She turned to the band. "The Honey-moon," she said.

And then they trod the delightful last-century measure of that name, which if it had been ever danced better, was never danced with more zest. The perfect responsiveness which their tender acquaintance threw into the motions of Nicholas and his partner lent to their gyrations the fine adjustment of two interacting parts of a single machine. The excitement of the movement carried Christine back to the time—the unreflecting passionate time, about two years before—when she and Nic had been incipient lovers only; and it made her forget the carking anxieties, the vision of social breakers ahead, that had begun to take the gilding off her position now. Nicholas, on his part, had never ceased to be a lover; no personal worries had as yet made him conscious of any staleness, flatness, or unprofitableness in his admiration of Christine.

"Not quite so wildly, Nic," she whispered. "I don't object personally; but they'll notice us. How came you to be here?"

"I heard that you had driven over; and I set out—on purpose for this."

"What—you have walked?"

"Yes. If I had waited for one of uncle's horses I should have been too late."

"Eleven miles here and eleven back—two-and-twenty miles on foot—merely to dance!"

"With you. What made you think of this old 'Honeymoon' thing?"

"Oh! it came into my head when I saw you, as what would have been a reality with us if you had not been stupid about that license, and had got it for a distant church."

"Shall we try again?"

"No—I don't know. I'll think it over."

The villagers admired their grace and skill, as the dancers themselves perceived;

but they did not know what accompanied that admiration in one spot, at least.

"People who wonder they can foot it so feately together should know what some others think," a waterman was saying to his neighbor. "Then their wonder would be less."

His comrade asked for information.

"Well—really I hardly believe it—but 'tis said they be man and wife. Yes, sure—went to church and did the job a'most afore 'twas light one morning. But mind, not a word of this; for 'twould be the loss of a winter's work to me if I had spread such a report and it were not true."

When the dance had ended she rejoined her own section of the company. Her father and Mr. Bellston the elder had now come out from the house, and were smoking in the background. Presently she found that her father was at her elbow.

"Christine, don't dance too often with young Long—as a mere matter of prudence, I mean, as volk might think it odd, he being oone of our own parish people. I should not mention this to 'ee if he were an ordinary young fellow; but being superior to the rest you need to be careful."

"Exactly, papa," said Christine.

But the revived sense that she was deceiving him threw a damp over her spirits. "But, after all," she said to herself, "he is a young man of Swenn-Everard, handsome, able, and the soul of honor; and I am a young woman of that place, who have been constantly thrown into communication with him. Is it not, by nature's rule, the most proper thing in the world that I should marry him, and is it not an absurd conventional regulation which says that such a union would be wrong?"

It may be concluded that the strength of Christine's large-minded argument was rather an evidence of weakness than of strength in the passion it concerned, which had required neither argument nor reasoning of any kind for its maintenance when full and flush in its early days.

When driving home in the dark with her father, she sank into pensive silence. She was thinking of Nicholas having to trudge on foot all those eleven miles after his exertions on the sward. Mr. Everard, arousing himself from a nap, said suddenly, "I have something to mention to ye, by George—so I have, Chris! You probably know what it is."

She wondered if her father had discovered anything of her secret.

"Well, according to *him* you know. But I will tell 'ee. Perhaps you noticed

young Jim Bellston walking me off down the lawn with him?—whether or no, we walked together a good while; and he informed me that he wanted to pay his addresses to 'ee. I naturally said that it depended upon yourself; and he replied that you was willing enough; you had given him particular encouragement—showing your preference for him by specially choosing him for your partner—hey? 'In that case,' says I, 'go on and conquer—settle it with her—I have no objection.' The poor fellow was very grateful, and in short, there we left the matter. He'll propose to-morrow."

She saw now to her dismay what James Bellston had read as encouragement. "He has mistaken me altogether," she said. "I had no idea of such a thing."

"What, you won't have him?"

"Indeed, I cannot!"

"Chrissy," said Mr. Everard with emphasis, "there's *noobody* whom I should so like you to marry as that young man. He's a thoroughly clever fellow, and fairly well provided for. He's travelled all over the temperate zone; but he says that directly he marries he's going to give up all that, and be a regular stay-at-home. You would be nowhere safer than in his hands."

"It is true," she answered. "He *is* a highly desirable match, and I *should* be well provided for, and probably very safe in his hands."

"Then don't be skittish, and stand-to."

She had spoken from her conscience and understanding, and not to please her father. As a reflecting woman she believed that such a marriage would be a wise one. In great things Nicholas was closest to her nature; in little things Bellston seemed immeasurably nearer than Nic; and life was made up of little things.

Altogether the firmament looked black for Nicholas Long, notwithstanding her half-hour's ardor for him when she saw him dancing with the dairyman's daughter. Most great passions, movements, and beliefs—individual and national—burst during their decline into a temporary irradiation, which rivals their original splendor; and then they speedily become extinct. Perhaps the dance had given the last flare-up to Christine's love. It seemed to have improvidently consumed for its immediate purpose all her ardor forwards, so that for the future there was nothing left but frigidity.

Nicholas had certainly been very foolish about that license!

IV.

THIS laxity of emotional tone was further increased by an incident, when, two days later, she kept an appointment with Nicholas in the Sallows. The Sallows was an extension of shrubberies and plantations along the banks of the Swenn, accessible from the lawn of Swenn-Everard House only, except by wading through the river at the waterfall or elsewhere. Near the fall was a thicket of box in which a trunk lay prostrate; this had been once or twice their trysting-place, though it was by no means a safe one; and it was here she sat awaiting him now.

The noise of the stream muffled any sound of footsteps, and it was before she was aware of his approach that she looked up and saw him wading across at the top of the waterfall.

Noontide lights and dwarfed shadows always banished the romantic aspect of her love for Nicholas. Moreover, something new had occurred to disturb her; and if ever she had regretted giving way to a tenderness for him—which perhaps she had not done with any distinctness—she regretted it now. Yet in the bottom of their hearts those two were excellently paired, the very twin halves of a perfect whole; and their love was pure. But at this hour surfaces showed garishly, and obscured the depths. Probably her regret appeared in her face.

He walked up to her without speaking, the water running from his boots; and, taking one of her hands in each of his own, looked narrowly into her eyes.

"Have you thought it over?"

"What?"

"Whether we shall try again; you remember saying that you would at the dance?"

"Oh, I had forgotten that!"

"You are sorry we tried at all!" he said accusingly.

"I am not so sorry for the fact as for the rumors," she said.

"Ah! rumors?"

"They say we are already married."

"Who?"

"I cannot tell exactly. I heard some whispering to that effect. Somebody in the village told one of the servants, I believe. This man said that he was crossing the churchyard early on that unfortunate foggy morning and heard voices in the chancel, and peeped through the window as well as the dim panes would let him; and there he saw you and me and Mr. Eastman, and so on; but thinking his

surmises would be dangerous knowledge, he hastened on. And so the story got afloat. Then your aunt, too——"

"Good Lord!—what has she done?"

"The story was told her, and she said proudly, 'Oh yes, it is true enough. I have seen the license. But it is not to be known yet.'"

"Seen the license? How the——"

"Accidentally, I believe, when your coat was hanging somewhere."

The information, coupled with the infelicitous word "proudly," caused Nicholas to flush with mortification. He knew that it was in his aunt's nature to make a brag of that sort; but worse than the brag was the fact that this was the first occasion on which Christine had deigned to show her consciousness that such a marriage would be a source of pride to his relatives—the only two he had in the world.

"You are sorry, then, even to be thought my wife, much less to be it." He dropped her hand, which fell lifelessly.

"It is not sorry exactly, dear Nic. But I feel uncomfortable and vexed, that after screwing up my courage, my fidelity, to the point of going to church, you should have so muddled—managed the matter that it has ended in neither one thing nor the other. How can I meet acquaintances, when I don't know what they are thinking of me?"

"Then, dear Christine, let us mend the muddle. I'll go away for a few days and get another license, and you can come to me."

She shrank from this perceptibly. "I cannot screw myself up to it a second time," she said. "I am sure I cannot! Besides, I promised Mr. Eastman. And yet how can I continue to see you after such a rumor? We shall be watched now, for certain."

"Then don't see me."

"I fear I must not for the present. Altogether——"

"What?"

"I am very depressed."

These views were not very inspiring to Nicholas, as he construed them. It may indeed have been possible that he construed them wrongly, and should have insisted upon her making the rumor true. Unfortunately, too, he had come to her in a hurry through brambles and briars, water and weed, and the shaggy wildness which hung about his appearance at this fine and correct time of day lent an impracticability to the look of him.

"You blame me—you repent your

course — you repent that you ever, ever owned anything to me!"

"No, Nicholas, I do not repent that," she returned gently, though with firmness. "But I think that you ought not to have got that license without asking me first; and I also think that you ought to have known how it would be if you lived on here in your present position, and made no effort to better it. I can bear whatever comes, for social ruin is not personal ruin, or even personal disgrace. But as a sensible new-risen poet says, whom I have been reading this morning, —

The world and its ways have a certain worth:
And to press a point while these oppose
Were simple policy.

As soon as you had got my promise, Nic, you should have gone away — yes — and made a name, and come back to claim me. That was my silly girlish dream about my hero."

"Perhaps I can do as much yet! And would you have indeed liked better to live away from me for family reasons, than to run a risk in seeing me for affection's sake? O what a cold heart it has grown! If I had been a prince, and you a dairy-maid, I'd have stood by you in the face of the world!"

She shook her head. "Ah — you don't know what society is — you don't know."

"Perhaps not. Who was that strange gentleman of about seven-and-twenty I saw at Mr. Bellston's christening-feast?"

"Oh — that was his nephew James. Now he is a man who has seen an unusual extent of the world for his age. He is a great traveller, you know."

"Indeed."

"In fact an explorer. He is very entertaining."

"No doubt."

Nicholas received no shock of jealousy from her announcement. He knew her so well that he could see she was not in the least in love with Bellston. But he asked if Bellston were going to continue his explorations.

"Not if he settles in life. Otherwise he will, I suppose."

"Perhaps I could be a great explorer, too, if I tried."

"You could, I am sure."

They sat apart, and not together; each looking afar off at vague objects, and not in each other's eyes. Thus the sad autumn afternoon waned, while the waterfall hissed sarcastically of the inevitableness of the unpleasant. Very different this from the time when they first met there.

The nook was most picturesque; but it looked horribly common and stupid now. Their sentiment had set a color hardly less visible than a material one on surrounding objects, as sentiment must where life is but thought. Nicholas was as devoted as ever to the fair Christine; but unhappily he too had moods and humors; and the division between them was not closed.

She had no sooner got indoors and sat down to her work-table than her father entered the drawing-room. She handed him his newspaper; he took it without a word; went and stood on the hearthrug, and flung the paper on the floor.

"Christine, what's the meaning of this terrible story? I was just on my way to look at the register."

She looked at him without speech.

"You have married — Nicholas Long?"

"No, father."

"No? Can you say no in the face of such facts as I have been put in possession of?"

"Yes."

"But — the note you wrote to the rector — and the going to church."

She briefly explained that their attempt had failed.

"Ah! Then this is what that dancing meant, was it? By —, it makes me — How long has this been going on, may I ask?"

"This what?"

"What, indeed? Why, making him your beau. Now listen to me. All's well that ends well; from this day, madam, this moment, he is to be nothing more to you. You are not to see him. Cut him adrift instantly! I only wish his folk were on my farm — out they should go, or I would know the reason why. However, you are to write him a letter to this effect at once."

"How can I cut him adrift?"

"Why not? You must, my good maid!"

"Well, though I have not actually married him, I have solemnly sworn to be his wife when he comes home from abroad to claim me. It would be gross perjury not to fulfil my promise. Besides, no woman can go to church with a man deliberately to solemnize matrimony, and refuse him afterwards, if he does nothing wrong meanwhile."

The uttered sound of her strong conviction seemed to kindle in Christine a livelier perception of all its bearings than she had known while it had lain unformulated in her mind. For when she had

done speaking she fell down on her knees before her father, covered her face, and said, "Please, please forgive me, papa! How *could* I do it without letting you know? I don't know, I don't know!"

When she looked up she found that, in the turmoil of his mind, her father was moving about the room. "You are within an ace of ruining yourself, ruining me, ruining us all!" he said. "You are nearly as bad as your brother, begad!"

"Perhaps I am — yes — perhaps I am!"

"That I should father such a harum-scarum brood!"

"It is very bad; but Nicholas —"

"He's a scoundrel!"

"He is *not* a scoundrel!" cried she, turning quickly. "He's as good and worthy as you or I, or anybody bearing our name, or any nobleman in the kingdom, if you come to that! Only — only" — she could not continue the argument on those lines. "Now, father, listen!" she sobbed; "if you taunt me I'll go off and join him at his farm this very day, and marry him to-morrow, that's what I'll do!"

"I don't taunt ye!"

"I wish to avoid unseemliness as much as you."

She went away. When she came back a quarter of an hour later, thinking to find the room empty, he was standing there as before, never having apparently moved. His manner had quite changed. He seemed to take a resigned and entirely different view of circumstances.

"Christine, I have suffered more in this last haaf hour than I hope you may suffer all your life. But since this was to happen, I'll bear it, and not complain. All folk have crosses, and this is one of mine. Well, this is what I've got to say — I almost feel that you must carry out this attempt at marrying Nicholas Long. Faith, you must! The rumor will become a scandal if you don't — that's my view. I have tried to look at the brightest side of the case. Nicholas Long is a young man superior to most of his class, and fairly presentable. And he's not poor — at least his uncle is not. I believe the old muddler could buy me up any day. However, a farmer's wife you must be, as far as I can see. As you've made your bed, so ye must lie. Parents propose, and ungrateful children dispose. You shall marry him, and immediately."

Christine hardly knew what to make of this. "He is quite willing to wait, and so am I. We can wait for two or three years, and then he will be as worthy as —"

"You must marry him. And the sooner the better, if 'tis to be done at all. And yet I did wish you could have been Jim Bellston's wife. I did wish it! But no."

"I did wish it, and do still, in one sense," she returned gently. His moderation had won her out of her defiant mood, and she was willing to reason with him.

"You do?" he said, surprised.

"I see that in a worldly sense my conduct may be considered a mistake."

"H'm — I am glad to hear that — after my death you may see it more clearly still; and you won't have long to wait, to my reckoning."

She fell into bitter repentance, and kissed him in her anguish. "Don't say that!" she cried. "Tell me what to do."

"If you'll leave me for an hour or two I'll think. Drive to the market and back — the carriage is at the door — and I'll try to collect my senses. Dinner can be put back till you return."

In a few minutes she was dressed, and the carriage bore her up the hill which divided the village and manor from the market-town.

V.

A QUARTER of an hour brought her into the High Street, and for want of a more important errand she called at the harness-maker's for a dog-collar that she required.

It happened to be market-day, and Nicholas, having postponed the engagements which called him thither to keep the appointment with her in the Sallows, rushed off at the end of the afternoon to attend to them as well as he could. Arriving thus in a great hurry, on account of the lateness of the hour, he still retained the wild, amphibious appearance which had marked him when he came up from the meadows to her side — an exceptional condition of things which had scarcely ever before occurred. When she crossed the pavement from the shop door, the shopman bowing and escorting her to the carriage, Nicholas chanced to be standing at the road-wagon office, talking to the master of the wagons. There were a good many people about, and those near paused and looked at her transit, in the full stroke of the level October sun, which went under the brims of their hats, and pierced through their buttonholes. From the group she heard murmured the words: "Mrs. Nicholas Long."

The unexpected remark, not without distinct satire in its tone, took her so greatly by surprise that she was con-

founded. Nicholas was by this time nearer, though coming against the sun he had not yet perceived her. Influenced by her father's lecture, she felt angry with him for being there and causing this awkwardness. Her notice of him was therefore slight, supercilious perhaps, slurred over; and her vexation at his presence showed distinctly in her face as she sat down in her seat. Instead of catching his waiting eye, she positively turned her head away.

A moment after she was sorry she had treated him so; but he was gone.

Reaching home she found on her dressing-table a note from her father. The statement was brief:—

"I have considered and am of the same opinion. You must marry him. He can leave home at once and travel as proposed. I have written to him to this effect. I don't want any victuals, so don't wait dinner for me."

Nicholas was the wrong sort of man to be blind to his Christine's mortification, though he did not know its entire cause. He had lately foreseen something of this sort as possible.

"It serves me right," he thought, as he trotted homeward. "It was absurd—wicked of me to lead her on so. The sacrifice would have been too great—too cruel." And yet, though he thus took her part, he flushed with indignation every time he said to himself, "She is ashamed of me."

On the ridge which overlooked Swenn-Everard he met a neighbor of his—a stock-dealer—in his gig, and they drew rein and exchanged a few words. A part of the dealer's conversation had much meaning for Nicholas.

"I've had occasion to call on Squire Everard," the former said; "but he couldn't see me on account of being quite knocked up at some bad news he has heard."

Nicholas rode on past Swenn-Everard to Homeston Farm, pondering. He had new and startling matter for thought as soon as he got there. The squire's note had arrived. At first he could not credit its import; then he saw further, took in the tone of the letter, saw the writer's contempt behind the words, and understood that the letter was written as by a man hemmed into a corner. Christine was defiantly—insultingly—hurled at his head. He was accepted because he was so despised.

And yet with what respect he had treated

her and hers! Now he was reminded of what an agricultural friend had said years ago, when the eyes of Nicholas were once fixed on Christine as on an angel as she passed: "Better a little fire to warm ye than a great one to burn ye. No good can come of throwing your heart there." He went into the mead, sat down, and asked himself four questions:—

1. How could she live near her acquaintance as his wife, even in his absence, without suffering martyrdom from the stings of their contempt?

2. Would not this entail total estrangement between Christine and her family also, and her own consequent misery?

3. Must not such isolation extinguish her affection for him?

4. Supposing that her father rigged them out as colonists and sent them off to America, was not the effect of such exile upon one of her gentle nurture likely to be as the last?

In short, whatever they should embark in together would be cruelty to her, and his death would be a relief. It would, indeed, in one aspect be a relief to her now, if she were so ashamed of him as she had appeared to be that day. Were he dead, this little episode with him would fade away like a dream.

Mr. Everard was a good-hearted man at bottom, but to take his enraged offer seriously was impossible. The least thing that he could do would be to go away and never trouble her more. To travel and learn and come back in two years, as mapped out in their first sanguine scheme, required a staunch heart on her side, if the necessary expenditure of time and money were to be afterwards justified; and it were folly to calculate on that when he had seen to-day that her heart was failing her already. To travel and disappear and not be heard of for many years would be a far more independent stroke, and it would leave her entirely unfettered. Perhaps he might rival in this kind the accomplished Mr. Bellston, of whose journeyings he had heard so much.

He sat and sat, and the fog rose out of the river, enveloping him like a fleece; first his feet and knees, then his arms and body, and finally submerging his head. When he had come to a decision he went up again into the homestead. He would be independent, if he died for it, and he would free Christine. Exile was the only course. The first step was to inform his uncle of his determination.

Two days later Nicholas was on the same spot in the mead, at almost the same

hour of eve. But there was no fog now; a blustery autumn wind had ousted the still, golden days and misty nights; and he was going, full of purpose, in the opposite direction. When he had last entered the mead he was an inhabitant of the Swenn valley; in forty-eight hours he had severed himself from that spot as completely as if he had never belonged to it. All that appertained to him in the Swenn valley now was circumscribed by the port-manteau in his hand.

In making his preparations for departure he had unconsciously held a faint, foolish hope that she would communicate with him and make up their estrangement in some soft womanly way. But she had given no signal, and it was too evident to him that her latest mood had grown to be her fixed one, proving how well-founded had been his impulse to set her free.

He entered the Sallows, found his way in the dark to the garden door of the house, slipped under it a note to tell her of his departure, and explaining its true reason to be a consciousness of her growing feeling that he was an encumbrance and a humiliation. Of the direction of his journey and of the date of his return he said nothing.

His course now took him into the high-road, which he pursued for some miles in a north-easterly direction, still spinning the thread of sad inferences, and asking himself why he should ever return. At daybreak he stood on the hill above Shottsford-Forum, and awaited a coach which passed about this time along that highway towards Salisbury and London.

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.
THE FAROE ISLES.

THOUGH Thorshavn, the capital of the Faroes, has had an existence historically for some eight or nine hundred years, the town itself dates back as far as 1579 only. In that year Magnus Heinesen, commissioner from Frederic II. of Norway, to protect the Faroes, built a fort on the rocks by the seashore in the middle of the site of the present town. It was high time some such assistance was given to the hardy but few inhabitants of these northern isles. Year by year the wool they had taken from their sheep and stored for the traders was stolen by professed pirates and others. Nor were the sheep themselves spared, nor the houses of the islanders. English ships, bound for Ice-

land fishing-banks, periodically anchored off the Faroes, on their way, for a little marauding, when "they seized by force what they could, and carried it off." Not even the bishops of the isles, in their episcopal residence at Kirkeboe, were safe from spoliation and worse. One such ecclesiastic was besieged in his own cathedral, and kept a prisoner until he fell a victim to starvation. And the first bishop under the Reformed Faith was also the last that Faroe has seen; him the robbers fairly frightened out of the isles. Again, the priest who had charge of the schools founded by King Christian III. in Stromoe had to live in an almost unapproachable mountain recess (Syderdahl) "because at that time he was so frequently assailed by pirates that he had no fixed place of residence." Truly a deplorable state of affairs!

But the king of Norway did more than send Magnus Heinesen to the help of his long-suffering dependency. With remarkable wisdom forsooth, to put temptation out of the way of the ravagers, he prohibited the Hanse Towns from trading any longer with Faroe. The Faroese might dispose of their skins and whale-oil and wool how they could, or store them for his own royal markets; the argosies of the fat German merchants should not continue to be the lodestones to attract the robbers into their latitudes.

Yet, in spite of this eccentric embargo upon the trade of Faroe, thenceforward Thorshavn grew apace. Huts were reared between the white rocks which litter the land, and rude processes of cultivation were instituted. For centuries the building used for the storage of the papal dues in kind, and later for the security of the general produce, had stood alone, or nearly so. Thorshavn had been the seat of government, it is true, but the occasions of political meeting were few, and such assemblies were primarily in the open air. Frederic II.'s successor, Christian IV., caused a church to be built in Thorshavn, and enlarged the royal warehouses. A census of the population of the town taken about this time shows that, besides government officials and their servants, it contained five handicraftsmen, ten day laborers and fisher families. Since then the number has gradually increased to 997 in 1860, and 1048 in 1870.

During the last two hundred years the Faroes have had few stirring vicissitudes. Far away from the centres of European life and power, events of the first magnitude have happened almost unknown to

them. Indeed, if we except the capture of the citadel of Thorshavn in 1678 by some French cruisers, and again in 1808 by an English gunboat—in both cases without bloodshed—we may affirm that for fully two centuries the life of the Faroese has been a monotony of peace and contentment.

As the capital of a crown dependency, Thorshavn is the seat of the local government, and the residence of a deputy of King Christian IX. of Denmark. From the bleak little bay whence the precipitous cliffs of three or four of the other islands are seen darkly to the north-east, the governor's house is the most conspicuous building of the town. It stands on a rocky knoll close to an obelisk commemorating King Christian's visit to the isles in 1874; it is of stone, with real slate roofing, and round about it is a garden wonderful to the eyes of the Faroese. One of the gables of the house is capped with a weathercock, and the vane bears the royal monogram, surmounted by a crown. Of the garden a few words must be said. Sheltered studiously on one of its sides at least, this tract of land has reared shrubs and trees to the phenomenal height of some sixteen feet. True, they are wind-blown, beaten out of all natural shape, and coated with lichen; but they are alive. And it is doubtful if in all the twenty-three islands of the Faroes anything can be found to compare with the horticultural prodigies of the *amtman's haus*. Nevertheless the contents of the garden are meagre. A few currant-bushes bearing reluctant fruit, hard and green in August, and barely ripe in September; sundry bushy shrubs, crouching at the stems of their stronger brethren, and a bed or two of nutritious greens and radishes; these, with as hearty a crop of docks as can be found anywhere, constitute the wealth of the governor's garden. And from the radishes to the portico of the residence but a single good step!

Landt, the laborious chronicler of the Faroes, eighty years ago strove to combat the inclemency of the islands with trees and plants by the score, which he imported from Denmark for the purpose. He put the shrubs in the ground, tenderly watched and cared for them, and had the mortification of recording their death for the most part, sooner or later. A certain kind of willow was his chief success, and specimens of the tree yet grow, stunted but green, in cosy corners of the town. In the end, discomfited, he reflected, and ascribed his failure to four causes in com-

bination: the devastation of the winter storms; the thick and depressing atmosphere; the moisture and salt from the sea; and the variable spring, in which mild and warm days are succeeded by frosts and cold. It is a fact that, save for these carefully preserved specimens, there is not a tree growing on all the islands. In the hothouses of the town little apple, cherry, and plum trees may be seen, about a yard in height; but these, too, are curiosities merely; they fillip the imagination—that is all.

Yet the Faroes were not always so completely destitute of trees as at present. Turf-cutters often, even nowadays, unearth entire trunks from the boggy ground in different parts of the islands, some of which are in sound state of preservation. Landt himself, writing of the coalfield in Süderoe, says: "I have held in my hands pieces of this coal which at the one end were proper coal, but at the other were real timber, recognizable by its fibres and roots." And we may accept his alternative explanation of the presence of this timber: "Either it must have been brought into Faroe by some convulsion of nature, or it must have grown here."

In the sheltered suburbs of Thorshavn a few gardens struggle into foliage and verdure periodically. They contain each barely a hundred square yards, and the walls of stone which surround them and protect them from the fierce winds which sweep the valleys as well as the hills, are as high almost as the tallest shrubs within them. But they are dignified by the name of gardens. They grow a few carrots, a little rhubarb, horse-radish and parsley, some currants and strawberry plants, and sundry flowers of the hardier kind. And in the most secluded of their corners they accommodate a wooden seat for rustic talk and entertainment.

Besides the governor, there are sundry other gentlemen appointed by the home authorities, who help to redeem the tone of Thorshavn from absolute parochialism—a doctor, a judge, a dean of the clergy, two or three schoolmasters, a sheriff, and a *sysselman*, or district revenue officer and magistrate. But, except the doctor and the schoolmasters, it is difficult to conceive how these gentlemen pass the time. They meet each other in the narrow, crooked streets of the town twenty times in the day; have always a word or two to exchange; yet one cannot but envy them the good-humor with which they bear the tedium of comparative worklessness. I have met my friend, the governor's secre-

tary, bustling up the street more than once with important-looking documents in his hands, and "urgent pressure" written upon his face. We have stopped to talk, and the papers have proved to be meteorological reports, though of the most exhaustive kind. Nor is even the magisterial sway of the sysselman, though extensive, productive of much work; indeed, the only case I heard of during six or seven weeks was a bull-difficulty between two farmers, which recalled Master Sterne; and this was settled after a day's trial, in which an amount of very amusing evidence and wit was evolved. I fancy the governor is busiest when a man-of-war or an English yacht comes to anchor in the harbor, for at such times a pleasing interchange of dinner courtesies takes place. The above-mentioned gentlemen, together with the apothecary (he wears a rectangular black cap with points to it, something like an ecclesiastical biretta), the leading merchants and their families, make up the genteel society of Thorshavn. Their ladies intervisit, and, during the long winter nights, together they scheme concerts, charades, theatricals, etc., for their own and the people's amusement. The old stock of the Faroese, though faithful to their womenkind, did not hold them intellectually in much esteem. "Women's plans are unfortunate," says an old Faroe proverb; but times are changed, and ladies now meet with as much respectful recognition in Thorshavn as in Boston, Massachusetts.

A more exclusive community than that of the Faroes, in one respect, could hardly exist. The number of foreigners (other than officials appointed by the home authorities) in the isles may be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. When I paid my first visit to the governor I was met at the gate by a gentleman in a soft felt hat, who presented me with a tract entitled "Save thyself from Destruction." At the moment I fancied there was some feud between the man and the governor, and that the warning applied to the wicked propensities of the latter. But the other enlightened me. He was agent in the Faroes and the North Atlantic thereabouts for an independent Scotch Mission Society; and as I had come within his jurisdiction, as it were, he hoped I would not take his presentation amiss. His work must be sufficiently arduous and discouraging, for not only has he to invade every ship anchoring in Thorshavn, but periodically he goes over to Norway, there also to proselytize; and it cannot be said

that he makes much way in Thorshavn. But his zeal not long ago involved him in a disagreeable dilemma. A schooner from Spain came into port, and had no sooner got her anchor down than the missionary in his little boat was alongside her. He clambered up her sides, with his book in his pocket, and began forthwith interrogating the master about his soul, his hopes, and so forth. A few minutes afterwards the health-officer rowed up, boarded the ship, and discovered that a case of small-pox had occurred on her during the passage from Bilbao. Instantly she was bidden lie farther from the shore, and to keep strict quarantine for a certain number of days. And the missionary also, being ordered off the ship, was put into quarantine by himself, though nearer the shore, in his little blue boat. For many days thereafter, he was a source of merriment to the townspeople.

Save this missionary there is no British settler in Thorshavn. A British consul is deemed unnecessary. Nor are the causes of this apparent neglect of the Faroes far to seek. In the first place, the isles are extraordinarily barren; they furnish food for sheep and cows; but, except on the coast, will admit of no cultivation. Nor do they contain much if any mineral worth the exploitation. Secondly, the population, though small (11,220 in 1884), would seem to be ample for such unprofitable rocks as the Faroes. Thirdly, until 1855 the trade of the isles was a royal monopoly; all the warehouses and stores in the different townlets were king's property. Until then a man was a farmer, a peasant, a professional man, or he was nothing. Not until January 1, 1856, could a foreign trading vessel enter the ports of the isles, or any but a king's officer practise the calling of a merchant. Again, the land laws of Faroe are a little complicated for the understanding of foreigners; and the land itself is so costly that it does not yield more than two and a half per cent.; the Thorshavn Savings Bank gives three per cent. and local merchants six per cent.; but fishing-boats and merchandise are the favorite investments of well-to-do Faroese. For the most part the land belongs to the crown, and the crown favors the native inhabitants; a Faroe man almost invariably continues to hold what his father held. Such a tenant under the crown is called *kongsbond*, and no foreigner may be *kongsbond*. Certainly, a stranger may purchase land when it is in the market, thereby becoming *odelsbond*; but in spite of the privileges of *mark*

(or right to grazing in proportion to his land), and of peculiar profit from all whales driven ashore thereon, the advantages are not exceedingly patent. And lastly, perhaps, the high latitude of the isles, the tantalizing fogs, the long winter, and the climate in general (salubrious though it is), do not offer much attraction to emigrants of any kind — still less to a people who have continents at their disposal.

No; for hundreds of years the Faroese have been a people living apart from the rest of the world, intermarrying, growing up, and dying in the midst of their own hard, wind-swept, but fascinating rocks; dependent for their livelihood on the sea which surrounds them, the sheep and cows on their hills, and the tiny patches of grain which they nurse into fruition on the sheltered mountain slopes; dependent for their education on the well-tryed words and traditions of their fathers, and on the old, infallible instructress Nature itself. Nowadays, however, it is somewhat different. School attendance is compulsory, and very good is the education provided by the State. A mail steamer brings letters and merchandise from Denmark and England once every month. Luxuries are no longer rarities. Visitors come occasionally, and of the few that come once some come twice. And statistics show that the islands are making strides in all respects commensurate with the progress of Anglo-Saxon settlements. At present Faroe has no cable communication with Europe. She relies for her knowledge of the world's movements upon the monthly mails; and naturally, in such a case, only the most intelligent and best-educated of the people care to profess a lively interest in international problems and questions which may have resolved themselves by the time they hear of their initiation. Each person, therefore, becomes vitally and healthily interested in the good opinion of his neighbor, as by far the most important thing he may attain to.

In truth, the Faroese are open-air folk; whatsoever is natural is wholesome to them; their laws, like their habits, are simple; and if they have not all the advantages of a high state of civilization, they are wholly free from the vices and distempers of the same. If a people may be understood by its poetry, it will be enough to say that the songs sung to this day by these islanders are the robust old ballads of the *Føreyinga Saga*; about deeds of physical prowess; about the joyous plenty which ensues upon a successful whale-hunt; about the love of strong, ac-

tive men for virtuous and comely women; about their boats and the ancient kings of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, with whom their ancestors were associated. It may surely be forgiven to such a people that they do not distress themselves about the sewerage question, that they are ignorant of the very meaning of the phrase "analytical philosophy," and that their rooms are not papered with Burne-Jones's devices. One can hardly doubt, however, that with the telegraphic wire a disturbing element will come upon the quietude of present Faroe, and a new ingredient, as fatal in some respects as dynamite, into the education of younger Faroe. The counterbalancing advantages, to a community so peculiarly independent, are not apparent.

In the early days of Faroe history its inhabitants, like the inhabitants of the rest of northern Europe, worshipped Odin and his divine associates. The gods of old (*Æsir*) were regarded as the props and stays of the world, and Odin was the chief among them. The heathen trinity was composed of the three brothers, Odin, Vili (will), and Ve (strength); but after a time the supreme god surrounded himself with a council of twelve other gods.

From all time there were two worlds or principles of things: *Niflheimr*, the abode of clouds and darkness, in the north; and *Umspellsheimr*, the home of light, in the south. Between these two was a vast abyss or gap (*Ginnungagap*), in the bed of which flowed a river. The rime and ice of this river at its northern or cold extremity coming into contact with sparks from the southern region of light and warmth, icicles were generated, and thence stepped forth *Ymer*, the first of the *jøtter* or giants, who subsequently begot from himself many other giants.

There was now war in space, between Odin and the gods on the one hand, and the *jøtter* or material giants on the other. Eventually, Odin, Vili, and Ve slew *Ymer*, and drowned in the copious deluge of his blood all the other giants his offspring, except one, who escaped and continued the race. *Ymer's* body they conveyed to the great abyss, where "from his flesh they formed the earth, from his blood the sea and other waters of the earth, from his bones the mountains, from his teeth and the fragments of his bones the rocks great and small. The heavens they adorned with sparks from *Umspell*, the home of light, and they disposed the sea round about the earth." Heaven and earth they linked together by means of

the rainbow. "The great and black giantess Night, and her son the light and fair Day, sat in heaven by Odin himself, to rule over the earth, while the brother and sister, Sun and Moon, were appointed for its illumination."

The raw material world was thus ready for habitation. Matter for the creation of man was all that was required to complete the work. And this Odin, Vili, and Ve found in a couple of trees lying on the shore of the sea of their own creation. Hence they made from the one Ask, a man, and from the other Embla, a woman. Odin bestowed life upon them; Vili gave them understanding and feeling; and Ve blood and color. Midgaard was given them for a residence, and so, in due time, they peopled the earth.

Such is the Faroese myth of the creation—a myth derived immediately from the Icelandic Eddas.

The heathen priests of this mythology (*godar* or God's men) were all-powerful in Faroe, as elsewhere in the north, before the institution of Christianity. Secular as well as religious matters were absolutely in their hands. The early political and other gatherings of the people were held at the place of sacrifice, under their superintendence. And the later Thing, or general assembly, also met by the altar stone, where the covenant of peace and security necessary in those brawlsome times during the sitting of the Thing was contracted.

But in the year 998 A. D., Sigmund Bresterson, whose renown in Faroe history is rivalled by that of his cousin, the warrior Thron, alone, accepted a command from Olaf Tryggveson to Christianize the isles. The Thing was convened and Sigmund Bresterson read Olaf Tryggveson's injunction in the presence of the people, chiefs and vassals alike. From this time dates the establishment of Christianity in Faroe. A bishop was appointed, subordinate to the Archbishop of Bremen, and Kirkeboe, near the southwestern extremity of Stromoe, was chosen for his episcopal dwelling-place. Subsequently the Bishop of Faroe came under the see of Trondhjem; and in 1538, with the incoming of the Reformation, the appointment of a bishop of the isles was virtually abolished. A dean now rules the insular clergy.

In religion, therefore, the Faroese are Lutherans. The Scotch missionary before mentioned has made two or three converts, but this is the limit of his success. A few years ago, in South Stromoe, there

was a community of Roman Catholics, and a chapel for their services; but they have not flourished; their numbers have diminished, and the chapel has been made use of in other ways. For all the five hundred square miles of the islands there are but seven priests, so that necessarily many of the villages see there pastor only once in six or seven weeks, unless a parishioner be taken moribund. And the districts, separated by rough water passages and bleak mountains, are such as to tax the strength no less than the courage of the clergy at times. In winter and autumn storms endanger their lives, and hold them prisoners perforce for days and weeks. One priest visiting Myggenæs, the principal western isle, was kept there by bad weather for about three months. And some years ago the priest of Sandoe, having successfully got over the miles of rough sea separating that island from the precipitous rock called Store Dimon (the Great Diamond), slipped whilst scrambling up the side of the rock to his parishioners, and received fatal injuries. It was the custom formerly to land visitors on the Great Diamond by means of a basket and pulley, so inaccessible are its iron shores; and to this day the farmer who lives as tenant on the rock victuals himself for the winter late in the year, and expects to see no one from the other isles until the return of spring.

The Faroe clergy are appointed by the home authorities in Copenhagen for a term of years. They come out to Faroe, for the most part, as to a place of exile, longing for the expiration of their time. But, in spite of the intense quietude of their surroundings, the rude lives led by their parishioners, the absence of all culture save what originates with themselves, and the rough, ungenial climate, Faroe soon becomes endeared to them. Their emoluments are derived from the State in part, and partly also from their flock. For instance, there is a tax of half a pound of wool on every sheep killed in the isles (about forty thousand are slaughtered annually); on every milking cow, annually, of the worth of three pounds of butter; and the proceeds of these taxes are divided into three equal parts, one of which goes to the Church, one to the crown, and one to the pastor of the district. Again, when a catch of "grind," or Faroe whales, takes place, a tenth of the whole is divided in the same way (between the Church, the crown, and the minister of the district in which the catch occurs). Sundry other receipts from fish, etc., help to make the

income of the clergy more than ample for their needs. They are, one and all, well-educated and agreeable gentlemen.

Like the clergy, the four doctors, who divide the isles between them, are also subsidized by the State. And again, like the clergy, the doctors have to undergo considerable hardships in the winter visitation of their patients. At any time they may be called upon to travel thirty or forty miles of rough waterway in an open boat, willy nilly as far as their stomachs are concerned. But in the two districts of Stromoe and Waagoe, at least, there is compensation for these labors in the harvests reaped; fees and subsidy together make a handsome income. The Faroes are said to be extraordinarily healthy. The duration of life in them averages no fewer than forty-four years and two-fifths. Nonagenarians are as common as octogenarians in England, and centenarians are not rarities. People with grey hairs and marks of old age upon them can yet point to their thin and greyer elders, and call them "papa" and "mamma" with the affection of juveniles. But for all this longevity, the tenure of life in the Faroes does not seem to be very sound. The prevalent fogs and the extreme moisture have a bad effect upon many constitutions. Colds and inflammations and rheumatism are common. It is true the popular opinion is that "the Faroe fog is healthy" rather than noxious, and that the Faroese are so used to the fog that when fine and clear weather follows they get coughs and colds. And, alluding to the general moisture of the climate, a Faroe doctor, from his experience of the Faroese, has said, "The Faroe people are just like the flowers, always needing some water." All which is plausible enough; but to a stranger the universal colds and hawking do not seem indicative of very good health. Two or three times a week every one appears to be afflicted with a troublesome *kruim*. For the rest, at times the air is so thick that even up on the hills it is impossible to breathe without difficulty.

Fog and cloud are such considerable elements in Faroe life that they have received minute attention at the hands of Faroe topographers. According to these observers, there are three distinct cloud phases. First, when the fog lies like a white cloud on the tops of the mountains, while their bases are free. This is called *skadda* (Norwegian, *sködda*); is accompanied with damp, and generally forebodes strong wind. Secondly, when the fog lies seawards and about the lower half of the

mountains, whose tops rise above it. This they call *pollamjörki* (Norwegian, *poll* — a little circular channel; a creek with narrow entrance), and indicates a calm. Again, the mist sometimes has the appearance of swaying loosely in the air, both out at sea and round the middle of the mountains (their bases and tops both being free from it), like a seething belt. Later, this fog fills all the atmosphere. "Mountain, valley, and sea are hidden, and the searching eye sees nothing to rest its gaze upon; pedestrians lose their way; fishermen would be likely to do the same but for their compasses; in vain are sheep looked for on the mountains; and the fisher-folk no longer discern the mountain-tops which serve them for landmarks. Were this fog, which is called *mjörki* (pronounced "mirchy"), of long duration, it would hinder all activity." Happily, however, it soon vanishes, and is not of frequent occurrence. It is succeeded by a mere haze, a thin and level cloud, which does not imperil travellers or seafarers.

Some people, who have visited neither Iceland nor Faroe, imagine that the Faroese and Icelanders are about equally unclean in personal and domestic matters. This, however, is erroneous. If the standard of cleanliness in Faroe is not quite so commendable as that in England, it yet much exceeds that of Iceland. Nor are fleas and their dreaded "big brothers" a *sine quâ non* of summer existence in Faroe, as in Switzerland. Landt, in his painstaking researches into the origin of things Faroese, has determined that the latter of these (*Cimex lectularius*) are very rare, and pleasantly accounts for their presence by the importation of articles of furniture from Copenhagen; while, as for the common flea (*Pulex irritans*), he confesses that "it is here as elsewhere." But, during a two months' summer stay in the isles, I saw not an individual of either vermin.

Yet, though offensive dirt and its parasites do not abound in Faroe, there is, as in England and other places, frequently a want of cleanliness in details which is repugnant. Cold water, though it pours from the hills through every village and farmyard, is not appreciated wholly. In many of the most dilapidated hovels outside the villages men and women, ducks and poultry, cats and dogs, all stew together in one low room, the rafters and walls of which reek with the smoke from the peat fire, which smoulders under the same chimneyless roof. One shudders to imagine the added horrors in such a place

after a successful whale-hunt, when chunks of gory flesh and oily blubber are piled against the wall, and all the human inmates gorge themselves with the stuff, until their faces seem to shine with spiritual and bodily contentment and repletion, and the exusion of the superabundance of "grease" which they have compelled their systems to accommodate. For weeks and months after such carnival, the skulls of the whales will lie outside the houses, stinking and bleaching at their leisure, and the smug-faced Faroe ravens will cram themselves too full even to croak. Again, for the most part, a householder seems to think he has done all that can be expected of him if he throws the offal of his establishment outside his door, where it is a shock to the sense of smell no less than of sight. And when by chance I approached a friendly fisherman on the shore, while he was engaged in tearing the *sundmaver* from the inside of a heap of dead fish, I was compelled, by a barbarous if democratic custom, to shake hands with him just as he was. And since he was a curious man, he would not hesitate to lay his besmirched fingers upon the book or paper I might have with me, with a view to his own instruction; and he would turn over the pages with a cheerful laugh, not a whit heeding the many-colored and indelible prints he left behind him. But, after all, there is no vice in this disregard for the fitness of things. One may therefore readily excuse it — afterwards.

Faroe peasant life may be said to centre in the kitchen or *rogstue*. Every farmer has his attachment of men and maids to do his milking and field work, and at other times to go out fishing in his boats. And for these, no less than for himself, his wife and children, the *rogstue* is the common room of the house. Imagine a spacious chamber of timber throughout, except the floor, which is of earth sometimes, and sprinkled with powdered shell; its rafters grimed with the smoke which drifts about them from the glowing peat on a raised hearth like an altar in the middle of the room. The name *rogstue* indicates its characteristic: smoke-room, — kitchen. There is no chimney. The smoke finds its way out how it may, and down the throats of the case-hardened occupants of the room. By the walls are wooden benches for the peasantry, who take their seats according to seniority or length of service. The maids sit apart from the men, and the housewife is queen among them. Similarly, the farmer is sovereign

and referee with the men. Fastened to the wall are a couple of spinning-wheels, and here two men or two women are at work, chattering amazingly in spite of the droning hum of the wheels. From the central rafter hangs a lamp, if it be winter-time, and the soft light gleams upon the old white-haired men, upon the comely Faroe maids, and the roguish boys of the house with admirable pictorial effect. There is no idleness in the *rogstue* at such a time, unless it be with the youngsters. Some are carding wool, some sorting the fleeces, and every woman not otherwise engaged, manipulates her knitting-needles with confusing dexterity. It has been said, with superfluous emphasis, that insanity is common in the Faroes. Possibly the percentage of crazy folk in the isles may compare with that of Great Britain, but the number is certainly not obtrusively great. However, in the gathering of twenty or twenty-five people in an important bonder's *rogstue*, one may not be surprised to discover an idiot, short of stature, big-headed, black-eyed, staring with amiable imbecility first at one of his associates, then at another, and fumbling ceaselessly with his fingers the while. The Faroes are very kind to their afflicted brethren. They do not relegate them to asylums, but contribute as much as possible to the simple pleasures of their weak, vacant lives. And in this assembly of a score of men and women, all well-disposed towards each other, there is hardly a moment's silence during the term of hours they work and sit together. For the Faroese are incessant chatterers; and when the web of innocent gossip, local and extra-local, has been woven and unwoven to the last thread of its interest, story-telling ensues, and the veteran of the district holds his audience enchained by the unaffected power and conviction with which he recounts the legends and *folkesagen* bequeathed to him by his own parents half a century back. The Faroese are born hero-worshippers, nor are native heroes lacking to them. They are excited to emulation by poetry about

Sigurd og Virgar stærke,
Om Hellig-Ólaf og Sigermund;

but they also love, with a more personal sympathy, to hear about Sören So-and-So, and his brave climb up an almost inaccessible bird-rock out at sea, with the waves thundering at his feet, and seeming to shake the very cliff at its base; about the adventures of a matter-of-fact Hans Christian from the next village, when he found

himself, tongueless and helpless, put ashore at Grimsby, surrounded by ten thousand Englishmen ready to take every advantage of his innocence and helplessness; about the wonderful catch of whales in '66, and the pluck shown by this man and that in the driving them ashore. An untravelled Faroe man's world begins at Iceland and ends at Copenhagen. Faroe is its centre. Nations and continents outside this orbit may have an importance in the eyes of somebody, but they are no concern of his. He has heard of Russia as we have heard of the giant that Jack killed. She is a name suggestive of huge but thoroughly vague possibilities. For example, after interrogating several well-informed islanders about the personality of Mr. Gladstone, I at length received from one of them a reply so hesitating that it was little better than a guess: "He's a man what sits in Parliament?" This extraordinary and almost culpable ignorance is due to the scant intercourse between Faroe and England; and also to the poverty of the one journal which Thorshavn prints for weekly circulation in the isles.

This Faroe newspaper is quite a remarkable little print, in these days of telegraphic and interviewing enterprise. It is a single sheet some eighteen inches by nine, and generally opens with a royal proclamation more or less lengthy. This is followed by a pretence at an editorial, or the text of the speech of some Danish notoriety. The editorial is an unscrupulous crib from a British or Copenhagen paper on any subject of momentary absorbing interest; for instance, some two months after the *Pall Mall Gazette's* special issue an abbreviation of it appeared in the *Faroe Dimmalætting*, to the exceeding astonishment of the innocent islanders, or such of them as had never been in Copenhagen. After this editorial comes a series of snippings from different papers, filling two pages of the entire four. A brief report of the proceedings in the Lagthing, if political sittings are being held; some births and deaths; a list of vessels arriving and departing during the week, and the weather statistics, bring the paper to its final page, which is devoted to advertisements. And for this needlessly dull little paper a sum equal to three halfpence is asked from the Faroese. An American would speedily infuse enough spirit of locality and personality into the sheet to pique and amuse its readers; but here in Faroe, under the ægis of royalty, such a measure would be scandalous in-

deed, if it were possible in the first instance. Only in one respect does the Faroe paper seem to deserve praise, and this is for reprinting from the old manuscripts and compilations entire ballads of the *Føreyinga Saga*. These poems are in the Faroese language, which they save from the singularity of being a wholly unwritten tongue; for, though every one in Faroe talks Faroese, none but the accomplished philologists among them can write a score of words in their native language. Apart from this, the ballads are interesting and metrically musical. Fighting and love-making on land and sea are their eternal themes, and both are described with manly sententiousness and brevity, and (it must be added) with very considerable poetic license. Some of them are well worth translation into English, and all have been put into Danish.

Besides these saga, there is little Faroese literature. A clergyman born of an honorable Faroe family, and making his work a labor of love, has collected a number of legends and tales peculiar to the islands, and these, with several hundred proverbs or sayings, constitute Faroe's claim to an independent position in the world of letters. Many of the proverbs have a ring of plagiarism about them, though this may be attributable to the sameness of human nature throughout the earth. But there are also others worthy of a passing word. "The man who has lived always at home understands how to behave in the world," might have come from the mouth of Socrates himself. Again, "The wrong of one man is never the gain of another;" "He who ridicules another is himself ridiculous;" "Better a working hand than a babbling tongue." This last appears to be a shaft aimed at the womenkind of Faroe; but if so, it falls short, for the men are at least as fond of talking as the women, and can hardly be said to do more work. That "nothing is so bad as to be good for nothing" well indicates the happy disposition of the islanders; while one inclined to cavil at the reputation for honesty possessed by them might point with triumph to their own assertion that "none can take where nothing is." "As a man gets older he gets wealthy, stingy, and cross:" this hardly applies to the Faroese, for wealth is unattainable in the isles; but no doubt the whole saying has received partial confirmation even in Faroe. That "it is good to live in one's own country though it be poor," is a proverb after the heart of the Faroese, who gravitate back to Faroe

after wandering all over the world. "Better to be a good man's mistress than a bad man's wife:" this a modern inhabitant of the isles repudiates; if little else has changed in Faroe, such a sentiment has become obsolete. Two or three sound practical sayings of universal comprehension may end these samples of Faroe wit and wisdom. "It is not good to marry without love." "It is dangerous to tie a dog to a butter-tub." "An evil eye shall see no good." "Better to leave a little than eat too much." "A little man has often a large heart." "Few are like a father, none like a mother." "He who has much in his mind will lose much from his mind." "Every one has a superior." "When sons marry the mothers lose them, but when daughters marry the mothers gain other sons." "Nothing is so well done but that it were better undone." "The middle of the sausage is the best part of the sausage."

In conclusion, it may be said that a very potent instrument of change is likely soon to come upon the Faroes. For several sessions the Lagthing or Faroe parliament has been discussing the question of obtaining a steamer for inter-communicatory purposes, in addition to the monthly or other mail-boats touching at Thorshavn on their way to Iceland. It is probable that this steamer will soon be a familiar sight in Faroe waters. The Faroese will welcome the boat, so also will the few tourists who visit the isles; but it will assuredly affect the tone of life in the Faroes.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

From Longman's Magazine.
ORCHIDS.

THERE is no room to deal with this great subject historically, scientifically, or even practically, in the space of an article. I am an enthusiast, and I hold some strong views, but this is not the place to urge them. It is my purpose to ramble on, following thoughts as they arise, yet with a definite aim. The skilled reader will find nothing to criticise, and the indifferent, I hope, something to amuse.

Those amiable theorists who believe that the resources of nature, if they be rightly searched, are able to supply every wholesome want the fancy of man conceives, have a striking instance in the case of orchids. At the beginning of this century the science of floriculture, so far as it went, was at least as advanced as now.

Under many disadvantages which we escape—the hot-air flue especially, and imperfect means of ventilation—our forefathers grew the plants known to them quite as well as we do. Many tricks have been discovered since, but for lasting success assuredly our systems are no improvement. Men interested in such matters began to long for fresh fields, and they knew where to look. Linnæus had told them something of exotic orchids in 1763, though his knowledge was gained through dried specimens and drawings. One bulb, indeed—we spare the name—showed life on arrival, had been planted, and had flowered thirty years before, as Mr. Castle shows. Thus horticulturists became aware, just when the information was most welcome, that a large family of plants unknown awaited their study; plants quite new, of strangest form, of mysterious habits, and beauty incomparable. Their notions were vague as yet, but the fascination of the subject grew from year to year. Whilst several hundred species were described in books, the number in cultivation, including all those gathered by Sir Joseph Banks, and our native kinds, was only fifty. Kew boasted no more than one hundred and eighteen in 1813; amateurs still watched in timid and breathless hope.

Gradually they came to see that the new field was open, and they entered with a rush. In 1830 a number of collections, still famous in the legends of the mystery, are found complete. At the Orchid Conference Mr. O'Brien expressed a "fear that we could not now match some of the specimens mentioned at the exhibitions of the Horticultural Society in Chiswick Gardens between 1835 and 1850;" and extracts he gave from the reports confirm this suspicion. The number of species cultivated at that time was comparatively small. People grew magnificent "specimens" in place of many handsome pots. We read of things amazing to the experience of forty years later. Among the contributions of Mrs. Lawrence, mother to our chief, Sir Trevor, was an *aerides* with thirty to forty flower-spikes; a *cattleya* with twenty spikes; an *epidendrum bicornutum*, most difficult to keep alive, much more to bloom, in these degenerate days, with "many spikes;" an *ocnidium*, "bearing a head of golden flowers four feet across." Giants dwelt in our green-houses then.

So the want of enthusiasts was satisfied. In 1852 Mr. B. S. Williams could venture to publish "Orchids for the Million," a

hand-book of world-wide fame under the title it presently assumed, "The Orchid-Grower's Manual." An occupation or amusement the interest of which grows year by year had been discovered. All who took trouble to examine, found proof visible that these master-works of nature could be transplanted, and could be made to flourish in our dull climate with a regularity and a certainty unknown to them at home. The difficulties of their culture were found to be a myth—we speak generally, and this point must be mentioned again. The million did not yet heed Mr. Williams's invitation, but the ten thousand did heartily.

I take it that orchids meet a craving of the cultured soul which began to be felt at the moment when kindly powers provided means to satisfy it. People of taste, unless I err, are tiring of those conventional forms in which beauty has been presented in all past generations. It may be an unhealthy sentiment, it may be absurd, but my experience is that it exists and must be taken into account. A picture, a statue, a piece of china, any work of art, is eternally the same, however charming. The most one can do is to set it in different positions, different lights. Théophile Gautier declared in a moment of frank impatience that if the Transfiguration hung in his study, he would assuredly find blemishes therein after a while—quite fanciful and baseless, as he knew, but such, nevertheless, as would drive him to distraction presently. I entertain a notion, which may appear very odd to some, that Gautier's influence on the æsthetic class of men has been more vigorous than that of any other teacher; thousands who never read a line of his writing are unconsciously inspired by him. The feeling that gave birth to his protest a generation since is in the air now. Those who own a collection of art, those who have paid a great sum for pictures, will not allow it, naturally. As a rule, indeed, a man looks at his fine things no more than at his chairs and tables. But he who is best able to appreciate good work, and loves it best when he sees it, is the one who grows restless when it stands constantly before him.

"Oh that those lips had language!" cried Cowper. "Oh that those lovely figures would combine anew—change their light—do anything, anything!" cries the æsthete after a while. "Oh that the wind would rise upon that glorious sea; the summer green would fade to autumn yellow; that night would turn to day, clouds to sunshine, or sunshine to clouds." But the

littera scripta manet—the stroke of the brush is everlasting. Apollo always bends the bow in marble. One may read a poem till it is known by heart, and in another mood the familiar words take another meaning. Painters lay a canvas aside, and presently come to it, as they say, with a new eye; but a purchaser once seized with this desperate malady has no such refuge. After putting his treasure away for years, at the first glance all his satiety returns. I myself have diagnosed a case where a fine drawing by Gérôme grew to be a veritable incubus. It is understood that the market for pictures is falling yearly, artists of talent and established fame suffering in especial. I believe that the growth of this dislike to the eternal stillness of a painted scene is a chief cause of the disaster. It operates among the best class of patrons.

For such men orchids are a blessed relief. Fancy has not conceived such loveliness, complete all round, as theirs—form, color, grace, distribution, detail, and broad effect. Somewhere, years ago—in Italy perhaps, but I think at the Taylor Institution, Oxford—I saw the drawings made by Raffaele for Leo X. of furniture and decoration in his new palace; be it observed in parenthesis, that one who has not beheld the master's work in this utilitarian style of art has but a limited understanding of his supremacy. Among them were idealizations of flowers, beautiful and marvellous as fairyland, but compared with the glory divine that dwells in a plume of *odontoglossum Alexandræ*, dull, artificial, earthy. Illustrations of my meaning are needless to experts, and to others words convey no idea. But on the table before me now stands a wreath of *oncidium crispum* which I cannot pass by. What colorist would dare to mingle those lustrous browns with pale gold, what master of form could shape the bold yet dainty waves and crisps and curls in its broad petals, what human imagination could bend the graceful curve, arrange the clustering masses of its bloom? All beauty that the mind can hold is there—the quintessence of all charm and fancy. Were I acquainted with an atheist who, by possibility, had brain and feeling, I would set that spray before him and await reply. If Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like a lily of the field, the angels of heaven have no vesture more ethereal than the flower of the orchid.—Let us take breath.

Many persons indifferent to gardening, who are repelled indeed by its prosaic

accompaniments, the dirt, the manure, the formality, the spade, the rake, and all that — love flowers nevertheless. For such these plants are more than a relief. Observe my oncidium. It stands in a pot, but this is only for convenience — a receptacle filled with moss. The long stem feathered with great blossoms springs from a bare slab of wood. No mould nor peat surrounds it; there is absolutely nothing save the roots that twine round their support, and the wire that sustains it in the air. It asks no attention beyond its daily bath. From the day I tied it on that block last year — reft from home and all its pleasures, bought with paltry silver at Stevens's auction rooms — I have not touched it save to dip and to replace it on its hook. When the flowers fade, thither it will return, and grow and grow, please Heaven, until next summer it rejoices me again; and so, year by year, till the wood rots. Then carefully I shall transfer it to a larger perch and resume. Probably I shall sever the bulbs without disturbing them, and in the season following two spikes will push — then three, then a number illimitable, multiplying and multiplying when my remotest posterity is extinct. That is, so nature orders it; whether my descendants will be careful to allow her fair play depends on circumstances over which I have not the least control.

For among their innumerable claims to a place apart among all things created, orchids may boast immortality. Said Sir Trevor Lawrence, in the speech which opened our famous Congress of 1885: "I do not see, in the case of most of them, the least reason why they should ever die. The parts of the orchideæ are annually reproduced in a great many instances, and there is really no reason why they should not live forever unless, as is generally the case with those in captivity, they be killed by errors in cultivation." Sir Trevor was addressing an assemblage of authorities — a *parterre* of kings in the empire of botany — or he might have enlarged upon this text.

The epiphytal orchid, to speak generally, and to take the simple form, is one body with several limbs, crowned by one head. Its circulation pulsates through the whole, less and less vigorously, of course, in the parts that have flowered, as the growing head leaves them behind. At some age, no doubt, circulation fails altogether in those old limbs, but experience does not tell me distinctly as yet in how long time the worn-out bulbs of an oncid-

ium or a cattleya, for example, would perish by natural death. One may cut them off when apparently lifeless, even beginning to rot, and under proper conditions — it may be a twelvemonth after — a tiny green shoot will push from some "eye," withered and invisible, that has slept for years, and begin existence on its own account. Thus, I am not old enough as an orchidacean to judge through how many seasons these plants would maintain a limb apparently superfluous. Their charming disposition is characterized above all things by caution and foresight. They keep as many strings to their bow, as many shots in their locker, as may be, and they keep them as long as possible. The tender young head may be nipped off by a thousand chances, but such mishaps only rouse the indomitable thing to replace it with two, or even more. Immortal beings are hard to kill.

Among the gentle forms of intellectual excitement I know not one to compare with the joy of restoring a neglected orchid to health. One may buy such for coppers — rare species, too — of a size and a "potentiality" of display which the dealers would estimate at as many pounds were they in good condition on their shelves. I am avoiding names and details, but it will be allowed me to say, in brief, that I myself have bought more than twenty pots for five shillings, at Messrs. Stevens's auction rooms, not twice nor thrice either. One-half of them were sick beyond recovery, some few had been injured by accident, but by far the greater part were victims of ignorance and ill-treatment which might still be redressed. Orchids tell their own tale, whether of happiness or misery, in characters beyond dispute. Mr. O'Brien alleged, indeed, before the grave and experienced signors gathered in conference that, "like the domestic animals, they soon find out when there is one about them who is fond of them. With such a guardian they seem to be happy, and to thrive, and to establish an understanding, indicating to him their wants in many important matters as plainly as though they could speak." And the laugh that followed this statement was not derisive. He who glances at the endless tricks, methods, and contrivances devised by one or other species to serve its turn, can hardly resist the impression that orchids think.

At least they keep the record of their history in form unmistakable. Here is a cattleya which I purchased last autumn, suspecting it to be rare and valuable,

though nameless; I paid rather less than one shilling. The poor thing tells me that some cruel person bought it five years ago — an imported piece, with two pseudo-bulbs. They still remain, towering like columns of old-world glory above an area of shapeless ruin. To speak in mere prose — though really the conceit is not extravagant — those fine bulbs, grown in their native land, of course, measure eight inches high by three-quarters of an inch diameter. In the first season, that *malheureux* reduced their progeny to a stature of three and a half inches by the foot rule; next season to two inches; the third, to an inch and a half. By this time the patient creature had convinced itself that there was something radically wrong in the circumstances attending its normal head, and tried a fresh departure from the stock — a "back growth," as we call it, after the fashion I have described. In the third year, then, there were two heads. In the fourth year, the chief of them had dwindled to less than one inch and the thickness of a straw, while the second struggled into growth with pain and difficulty, reached the size of a grain of wheat, and gave it up. Needless to say that the wicked and unfortunate proprietor had not seen trace of a bloom. Then at length, after five years' torment, he set it free, and I took charge of the wretched sufferer. Forthwith it began to show its gratitude, and ere long its leading head regained all the strength lost in three years, while the back growth, which seemed dead, now outtops the best bulb my predecessor could produce.

And I have perhaps a hundred in like case, cripples restored to activity, victims rescued on their death-bed. If there be a placid joy in life superior to mine, as I stroll through my houses of a morning, much experience of the world in many lands and many circumstances has not revealed it to me. And any of my readers can attain it, for — in no conventional sense — I am my own gardener; that is to say, no other male being ever touches an orchid of mine.

One could hardly cite a stronger argument to demolish the superstitions that still hang around this culture. If a busy man, journalist, essayist, novelist, and miscellaneous *littérateur* who lives by his pen, can keep many hundreds of orchids in such health that he is proud to show them to experts — with no help whatsoever beyond, in emergency, that which ladies of his household, or a woman-servant give — if he can do this, assuredly

the pursuit demands little trouble and little expense. I am not to lay down principles of cultivation here, but this must be said: orchids are indifferent to detail. There lies the secret. Secure the general conditions necessary for their well-doing, and they will gratefully relieve you of further anxiety; neglect those general conditions, and no care for detail will reconcile them. The gentleman who reduced my cattleya to such straits gave himself vast pains, it is likely, consulted no end of books, did all they recommend; and now declares that orchids are unaccountable. It is just the reverse. No living things follow with such obstinate obedience a few most simple laws; no machine produces its result more certainly, if one comply with the rules of its being.

This is shown emphatically by those cases which we do not clearly understand; I take for example the strangest, as is fitting. Some irreverent zealots have hailed the phalænopsis as queen of flowers, dethroning our venerable rose. I have not to consider the question of allegiance, but decidedly this is, upon the whole, the most interesting of all orchids from the cultivator's point of view. For there are some genera and many species that refuse his attentions more or less stubbornly — in fact, we do not yet know how to woo them. But the phalænopsis is not among these. It gives no trouble in the great majority of cases. For myself, I find it grow with the calm complacency of the cabbage. Yet we are all aware that our success is accidental in a measure. The general conditions which it demands are fulfilled, commonly, in any stove where East Indian plants flourish; but from time to time we receive a vigorous hint that particular conditions, not always forthcoming, are exacted by the phalænopsis. Many legends on this theme are current; I may cite two, notorious and easily verified. The authorities at Kew determined to build a special house for the genus, provided with every comfort which experience or scientific knowledge could suggest. But when it was opened, some three years ago, I think, not a phalænopsis of all the many varieties would grow in it; after vain efforts Mr. Thiselton Dyer was obliged to seek another use for the building, which is now employed to show plants in flower. Sir Trevor Lawrence tells how he laid out six hundred pounds for the same object with the same result. And yet one may safely reckon that this orchid does admirably in nine well-managed stoves out of ten, and

fairly in nineteen out of twenty. Nevertheless, it is a maxim with growers that phalænopsis should never be transferred from a situation where they are doing well. Their hooks are sacred as that on which Horace suspended his lyre. Nor could a reasonable man think this fancy extravagant, seeing the evidence beyond dispute which warns us that their health is governed by circumstances more delicate than we can analyze at present.

My object in writing this paper is to tempt those situated as I am, and even others less kindly treated by fate. It would be wrong to leave the impression that orchid culture is actually as facile as market gardening, but we may say that the eccentricities of phalænopsis and the rest have no more practical importance for the class I would persuade than have the terrors of the deep for a Thames waterman. How many thousand householders about this city have a "bit of glass" devoted to geraniums and fuchsias and the like! They started with more ambitious views, but successive disappointments have taught modesty, if not despair. The poor man now contents himself with anything that will keep tolerably green and show some spindling flower. The fact is, that hardy plants under glass demand skilful treatment — all their surroundings are unnatural, and with rot on the one hand, mildew on the other, an amateur stands betwixt the devil and the deep sea. Under those circumstances common plants become really capricious — that is, being ruled by no principles easy to grasp and immutable in operation, their discomfort shows itself in perplexing forms. But such species of orchid as a poor man would think of growing are incapable of pranks. For one shilling he can buy a manual which will teach him what those species are, and all things necessary for him to understand besides. An expenditure of five pounds will set him up for life and beyond — since orchids are immortal. Nothing else is needed save intelligence.

Not even heat, since his collection will be "cool" naturally. I should not have ventured to say this a very short time ago, before, in fact, I had visited St. Albans. But in the palace of enchantment with which Mr. Sander has adorned that antique borough, no great pains are taken to exclude frost from the cool houses. It would be better to keep them at 50°, Mr. Sander admits, but the advantage does not equal the expense and inconvenience of warming such enormous buildings to the requisite degree. And one who has

beheld the sight when those fields of odontoglossum burst into bloom may well entertain a doubt whether improvement is possible. There is nothing to approach it in this lower world. I cannot forbear to indicate one picture in that grand gallery. Fancy a corridor four hundred feet long, six wide, roofed with square baskets hanging from the glass as close as they will fit. Suspend to each of these, how many hundreds or thousands has never been computed, one or more garlands of snowy flowers, a thicket overhead such as one might behold in a tropic forest with myriads of white butterflies clustering amongst the vines. But imagination cannot bear mortal man thus far. "Upon the banks of Paradise" those "twa clerks" may have seen the like; yet, had they done so, their hats would have been adorned not with "the birk," but with garlands of odontoglossum citrosimum.

I have but another word to say. If any of the class to whom I appeal incline to let "I dare not wait upon I would," hear the experience of a bold enthusiast, as recounted by Mr. Castle in his small brochure, "Orchids." This gentleman had a fern-case outside his sitting-room window six feet long by three wide. More ambitious than I venture to recommend, he ran pipes through it, warmed presumably by gas. "In this miniature structure," says Mr. Castle, "with liberal supplies of water, the owner succeeded in growing in a smoky district of London" — I will not quote the amazing list of fine things, but it numbers twenty-five species, all the most delicate and beautiful of the stove kinds. If so much could be done under such circumstances, what may rightly be called difficult in the cultivation of orchids?

FREDERICK BOYLE.

From The Saturday Review.
THE CAMEL.

"L'ESTOMAC de M. de Cussy n'a jamais bronché;" which we choose to render — the Marquis de Cussy's camel never met with its last straw. It is a famous apologue and an applicable. De Cussy was a notable man enough in his day. It was he who was escorting the empress Marie Louise back to Vienna when at Parma he heard of Napoleon's escape from Elba. Planting her there, he retraced his steps immediately and found his master back at the Tuileries, where he himself was an excellent prefect of the palace; but, the

Hundred Days once over, De Cussy found himself suddenly a pauper, having always managed to combine indifference to his own interests with lavishness to others. This and his charms of manner made him popular, and he possessed that first talent of a born conversationalist—a leading ear. But he was a born gourmet, too, and fully acted up to Colnet's line:—

Quand on donne à dîner, on a toujours raison.

Great cooks struggled for his kitchen and stayed with him seven years. He gave a dinner once a week, never to more than eleven guests, and it lasted two hours. He cites with approval in his "Art Culinaire" one of the stories about that very unpleasant person Diogenes, who, seeing a child eating too fast, fetched the boy's tutor a rousing cuff. De Cussy's own rigid rule was to eat moderately and to sip his liquors; and he preached putting down the knife and fork while still hungry, and then taking several glasses of an old wine, munching crisp breadcrust the while. Perhaps these were some of the reasons why the camel never refused, and explain his "easily digesting a whole red-legged partridge" on the very day of his death, at the age of seventy-four. Many a well-advised man nowadays would as soon eat Tom Jones's Partridge body and bones; and there have been what a vain world calls nobler deaths, to be sure, and different illustrations of Hamlet's grave dictum that "the readiness is all;" still we need not be too exclusive. This particular gourmet had the smooth-skinned, pink complexion of many an old-fashioned London merchant—in the daytime, that is; but a clever caricature of him by Dantan, which displays the bust of a heavily-chopped, bloated old gormandizer, with a great Yorkshire pie for pedestal, must also have been but too near the truth, perhaps after dinner; for one of his sayings to Brillat-Savarin, who would have mirrors in his dining-room, was that a man should only look in the glass fasting. After this it would be of no use at all his telling us that he could take up his pen immediately after dinner in full re-possession of his ideas, if we did not know from his sorry writings that he could not tack two ideas together, and that, whatever his practice was, his theories about cookery were not worth the charcoal for testing them.

His contemporary, Brillat-Savarin, to cite another of Colnet's lines, "mangeait en glouton et pensait sobrement." It must be a terrible blow to many a young enthusiast, light-heartedly entering his camel

for a gourmet's career, when he first discovers that the reputation of Brillat-Savarin is all legend. He was a monstrous eater, and that is all. He kept no table, was a tall, heavy, vulgar sort of man, who went about in old clothes, and was well known as the drum-major of the Court of Appeal. He spoke little, and that little was curt and stupid. Like the parrot, he thought the more, and his posthumous masterpiece astonished none so much as his most intimate friends. Carême's secretary, who had opportunities of knowing, and De Cussy also, say that he gobbled without selection, spoke heavily, when he did speak at table, without any "look" in his eyes, and became absorbed—a nice, euphemistic phrase—at the end of a meal. The "Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde" agrees that he was "thick," and a gourmand without any measure; making one of the nice distinctions between the gourmet (like De Cussy), who is hospitable, and the gourmand (like Brillat-Savarin), who is not. Carême wrote of him, that he never learned how to eat, which is extra hard upon him, for one of his aphorisms is, "L'homme mange; l'homme d'esprit seul sait manger." He liked coarse and vulgar meats, goes on Carême, and literally filled his—camel merely, "I have seen him sleep after dinner!" Dr. Joseph Roques, a great gourmet of the day, gives him the finishing stroke. He was very fond of immense meat-pies, solid as a collared head. "They are exquisite," said he one day to the doctor, "you can eat as much as ever you like; and if you do get a fit of indigestion, why five or six dozen of oysters will allay it. I never take any other remedy myself, and leave tea to weak constitutions." He died at the age of seventy-one, of a chill in the feet, caught at Louis XVIII.'s funeral.

Grimod de la Reynière came of a banking family, and no one had a bad word to say against either his palate or his camel. An accident in early childhood deprived him of both hands, which he replaced by many ingenious contrivances; and he even became a dandy in his youth, frequented the leaders of the Français, and visited Voltaire. He was muscularly strong, and had a strong constitution; eventually developed, let us say, a hump on his camel, and lived to be eighty. "For most people," wrote he in one of his axioms, "a camel equal to any and every strain is the first requisite for happiness;" and again, "The great thing is to eat hot, cleanly, long, and much;" and Victor Hugo might

have said, "Roasting is at the same time nothing and immensity!" He was a charming talker in his best years, but latterly, wrote De Cussy, he got to be commonplace and garrulous about everything. The same Dr. Roques, exclaiming *quantum mutatus*, said in a sketch of Grimod's old age that

he rang for his servants at nine in the morning, shouting and scolding until he got his vermicelli soup. Soon after he became more tranquil, and began to talk gaily; finally becoming silent, and going to sleep again for some hours. At his waking the complaints began over again; he would fly into rages, groan, weep, and wish he was dead. But, dinner time come, he ate of every dish, all the time declaring that he would have nothing, for his end was nigh. At dessert his face began to show some animation, his eyebrows lifted, and some light showed from the eyes, deep sunk in their sockets. "How is De Cussy? Will he live long?" he would ask; "they say he has a fatal ailment. They haven't put him on diet yet, have they? The rains were heavy; we'll have lots of mushrooms in the autumn. The vines are splendid; you must come for the vintage;" and so on, always about gluttony. Then he would grow gradually silent in his great armchair, and the eyes would close. At ten they came for him—he could no longer walk—and put him to bed.

And this was the youngster who, at the age of twenty, was caught by his own father sitting down, lone as the ace of spades, to seven roast turkeys, merely for their "oysters," their *sot-l'y-laisse*, as the French say.

"The sole depository of the entire tradition of the State," Talleyrand, even at the age of eighty, ate but one square meal in the day, his dinner; and every morning he required the menu of it from his chef. He would rise at ten, dressing himself even after the hands had got rebellious; and half an hour later would have an egg, a fruit, or a slice of bread and butter, a glass of water with a dash of Madeira in it, or perhaps only two or three cups of camomile tea, before beginning work. No coffee, no chocolate, and China tea very rarely. He dined at eight in Paris, at five in the country, well and with appetite; taking soup, fish, and a meat entrée, which was almost always of knuckle of veal, braised mutton cutlets, or a fowl. He would sometimes have a slice off a joint; and he liked eggs and custards, but rarely touched dessert. He always drank a first-rate claret, in which he would put a very little water; a glass of sherry he did not despise, and after dinner a petit-verre of

old Malaga. In the drawing-room he would himself fill up a large cup with lumps of sugar, and then the *maître d'hôtel*—Carême, no less—would add the coffee. Then came forty winks; and afterwards he would play whist for high stakes. His senile eyelids were so swollen that it was a vast effort to open them to any width, and so he often let them close, and slept in company that bored him. He still continued to call up a secretary at night, and dictate to him through the closed bed-curtains.

"The eaters of my time," wrote Carême in 1832, "were the Prince de Talleyrand, Murat, Junot, Fontanes, the emperor Alexander, George IV., and the Marquis de Cussy. Men who know how to eat are as rare as great cooks. Look at the great musicians and physicians," he goes on, with enthusiasm, "they are all gastronomers; witness Rossini and Boieldieu, Broussais, and Joseph Roques." The last-named backed this up in his treatise on edible mushrooms, maintaining that doctors who make a name—Corvisart, Broussais, and half-a-dozen others—are epicures for their patients' sake as well as their own. They can get a convalescent to eat when nobody else can; a fact which explains their success. Modern London, too, we are proud to say, can boast its successful medical gourmets. De Cussy—it is vain to expect an authority from him—said that Leonardo da Vinci, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Baccio Bandinelli, Guido, and Raphael, were all noted gourmands; a fact which has not yet perhaps had its weight in estimating the naïve abstinence of the pre-Raphaelites, who might even have been vegetarians almost to a man, to judge from the type of their landscape-gardening. None of the foregoing great men had the beatitude of dying at table like some of the smaller fry. Dr. Gastaldi, a man with a wit and a palate so often met with in the "Almanach des Gourmands," died with a champagne-glass in his hand and a joke in his mouth. Grimod de la Reynière's great-grandfather's death was exactly alike—in a fit of laughter, his lips still wet with Ay. Here is a fact for Mr. Galton; financial instincts, too, were hereditary in this family of farmers-general of the revenue.

Napoleon, as all the world knows, ate very plain food, and little of it, though always with hunger and rapidly. A little claret was all he drank; a single glass of Madeira would flush his whole countenance. He was neither an eater nor a judge of eating, wrote Carême, but he was

grateful (was he?) to M. de Talleyrand for the style in which he lived. He differed widely from that poor Stanislas of Poland who fondly studied onion soup in the inn-kitchen at Châlons. Napoleon had a strange theory about his bile. There is no personal defect that a man cannot get himself to be vain of, for one reason or another. "Don't you know," said he to the Comte de Ségur, "that every man that's worth anything is bilious? 'Tis the hidden fire. By the help of its excitement I see clear in difficult junctures. It wins me my battles!" Carême himself ate sparingly and drank nothing — a sort of Moses of the promised land by choice.

The skeleton Paganini was an appalling glutton, being only beaten in that by Cambracérés. Such men should be objects of pity alone, like the great Athenian *chef* Archetrastes, who ate enormously and digested with extraordinary rapidity. It could not have been assimilation; for, according to Polybius, he looked as if the wind would blow him away, and one could almost see daylight through him. There is one dear old story that always comes up in talk about great eaters; it has been told of all sorts of guzzlers, from a city alderman to the judge of appeal at Avignon, under the *ancien régime*. "And then, sir, we topped up with a gorgeous turkey, a first-chop bird — never tasted a juicier — melt in the mouth — crammed with truffles to the eyes — bouquet is no word for it — left nothing but the bones." "How many were you?" "Two!" "What! only two?" "Yes, two. Why not? The turkey and myself."

The woeful extravagance of the past in foraging for the camel often excites surprise amounting even to doubt. For example, when the Duc de Penthièvre went down to preside over the assembly of the States of Brittany, he was heralded by one hundred and fifty-two kitchen-men; and the Prince de Condé's cook used up one hundred and twenty pheasants a week. A dinner presided over once by De Cussy at the Rocher de Cancale cost 4*l.* a head; but, as old Magny told the writer of this, the year before he died, the moderns beat that record easily, for, with *carte blanche* orders, he had just given a meal to the cardinal archbishop of Paris and seven guests, in George Sand's low little room, which came to eighteen hundred francs, or 9*l.* a head. This went chiefly in primeurs, rarities, and Magny's wonderful wines — "quantity as well as quality," as he himself has said it. Who will say that the princes of the Church are played out?

Magny — may nothing lie heavy on his breast — was a grand old host, intimately interested to the last in every least thing put before you. Like Terré, —

Who'd come and smile before your table
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse;

his stout form would heave to, as it were, and his round, strong, benevolent face would beam on you with a question or two, always to the point. And then, pepper and cheesecakes! to hear him row a cook for too much estragon in the tartare. Twelve months after he was gone his *gendre* had reduced the cookery to the greasy category.

Carême had 1,200*l.* a year from Alexander of Russia, and succeeded in disbursing for that potentate a total of 1,000*l.* a week. His accounts were as perfectly cooked as his dishes. "Economy," he wrote, with the lofty lunacy of genius, "is indispensable in our vocation; even the most exquisite and varied table must be logically restrained within exact limits." Economy must here be taken, a commentator might say, in the transcendental sense, as in "political economy," and such like phrases. Carême was proud of his mission — that was the word he chose — and of his literary talents. He kept a real secretary, and latterly turned in twenty thousand francs a year by his cookery-books. He was nothing if not epigrammatic. When he was brought in contact with another eccentricity, Lady Morgan, at Baron Rothschild's, "She spoke to me of my works; I spoke to her of hers." He calmly mentions the king of England, his old master, by his Christian name. "I fully believe it," replied George, "if Carême manages the table." There is a grandeur about these sayings which almost resembles death, in the levelling of all distinctions.

A gossip on cookery ought to end with something practical. To show we bear no malice towards the vegetarians, let us take the Polack's onion soup, at which no "runaway's eyes need wink." Take some crisp, hot, pulled bread, in small pieces; butter it with the freshest butter; then toast it again well. Fry your onions, cut into dice, in some of the same butter, stirring constantly until they are of a light brown. Then add the pulled bread, still stirring continuously, until the onions are well browned. Now dash in, still stirring, a little boiling water, to free the onions from the pan; add what seasoning you like, and the necessary quantity of hot water, and let the whole simmer for a

quarter of an hour. Serve it scalding hot, and don't be deluded into putting broth into it instead of water, or the result will be ruinous all round.

From The Spectator.

HOME COLONIZATION.

At the time when there is so much useless talk about the unemployed, and so much unwise charity, one feels grateful to any one who, like Mr. Mills, tries to strike out some definite line of action, and who points out that our present difficulties arise from "human mismanagement, and not from the niggardliness of nature;" therefore, it is with great regret that we are obliged to confess we cannot look upon his scheme with any hope. If it be meant as a substitute for the workhouse, there does not seem to be sufficient restraint; if, on the other hand, it be meant for the free laborer, it savors too much of parental government, and does not give enough scope for individual action.

Mr. Mills's suggested colony resembles in many particulars the village communities as they existed in this country in very early times, and as they are to be seen at the present time in parts of Croatia. It is well, therefore, to consider how far such institutions would be in harmony with the general drift of English education and political life in the present day. The Croatian plan is as follows: The head, or master, as he is called, holds the land in trust for the other members of the community, and assigns to each certain tasks of work. Until these tasks are performed, the laborer's time is not his own. He takes the produce of the farm to market, and the money received for it must all be handed over to the master, who is responsible for the maintenance of all the members of the community. No man can hire himself out until his share of work is finished; but those who are industrious are able to make something for themselves at the time of the vintage, by working for the great land-owners. Each village has members who can build houses, make shoes, do carpentering, etc. All the clothing and house-linen is spun, died, and woven by the women. Thus all, or nearly all, the needs of the community are supplied by its members.

A small village near Agram which we visited consisted of only fourteen families. Each family had its own house. These low, one-roomed huts were all grouped

round the master's hut, which was larger than the rest. They stood at a few yards from each other; the whole group was enclosed by a low fence, within which the cattle were driven; and this enclosure resembled a *very* dirty farmyard. Indeed, the mud was so deep that a Croatian lady of the party had to be carried over it, and the other visitors could only cross on boards laid down for the purpose. The inside of the huts looked almost as miserable as the outside, and the low, dark, narrow room contained little besides a bed, a cradle, and a stool. The floors were of mud, and the windows very small. The room in the master's hut, where all the members of the community have their meals together, was larger and rather lighter; but there was no look of home comfort anywhere. The master's wife cooks for the whole village; and the hut where the cooking was going on was smaller than all the others. It had no fireplace, only a large stone in the middle of the floor, slightly hollowed out, on which sticks were crackling under a large pot which hung from a hook in the ceiling. The people looked well fed and comfortably clothed; and their linen, which they washed in the river, was spotlessly white, in spite of the dingy appearance of their homes and the dirt of the surroundings.

We were told that in these communities there could be no want; for when the members became too old or too ill to work, they are supported by the rest. Every man, before he may marry, is bound to save a sum which to him is very large, — from £8 to £20. The whole of this, alas! is often used in the marriage festivities; for the bridegroom has to entertain the whole community, and the eating and drinking goes on for several days. Every girl at marriage is obliged to have a large box of clothes and house-linen of her own weaving, and the girls take great pride in preparing this, weaving in scarlet thread patterns of their own designing. When a woman marries, she becomes a member of her husband's community.

We were informed that, as far as the mere bodily needs of the people are concerned, these communities are a success. The land will support a much larger number in common than when divided among the different families; but there is a great deal of quarrelling, especially among the women; and if the head of the community is drunken or worthless, the whole village becomes corrupted. Moreover, the younger people are beginning to ask for more independence and separate home

life, and by degrees these village communities are breaking up. Strange to say, the members object to settle in the towns, and where the divided land is not enough for them, those who have trades will travel from village to village, to build or do shoe-making or tailoring for the inhabitants, but will not hire themselves out to the tradesmen of the towns.

Such is the present state of things in Croatia; and when we see that these old institutions are falling to pieces in a country where the people have been trained to submission from generation to generation, where the master is the parent of the clan, where the members are bound together by ties of blood, and where town life has no attractions for the people, does it seem likely that similar communities can be established on a huge scale in a country like England, where the tastes and habits of the people are so utterly different, and where serfdom has ceased to exist for hundreds of years? Mr. Mills speaks of a colony of five hundred. He says: "The working men and women of the village should be required to give six or seven hours' obedience to a director every day, and in return should receive no payment but three good meals per day, a home, a full suit of clothing every year, education for their children, and an allotment of half-an-acre to every family on the estate, which should be entirely at their own disposal so long as they made good use of it, and rendered proper service during the regular working-hours. Idleness or disobedience during the stipulated period of service should be punished by dismissal." Now, does Mr. Mills seriously think that the independent working man would be content to have everything provided for him like a baby, and that he would submit to the power of a director who should command seven hours of his working-day, deciding for him what kind of work he should do, who at will could dismiss him from his home, and deprive him of the allotment which he has tilled and planted?

If, on the other hand, Mr. Mills imagines these five hundred to be under the poor-law, is he not aware that one of the great difficulties in dealing with the pauper class is their idleness and bad physique? When labor-tests are given, it is rare for the men to put forth their full powers; and the expense and difficulty of supervision become very great. Now, many of these paupers would as soon pick oakum in a covered place as be exposed to inclement weather and subjected to hard field-labor. Most would prefer a town to

a country life; and if they received food and shelter in any case, what would dismissal mean to them but being sent back to the workhouse, the dread of which is not enough to make the idle work? Another difficulty, also, would arise. These paupers would be living in homes of their own, and what check would there be on the increase of the community? Early and improvident marriages are among the chief causes of poverty now; what inducement to providence would there be if the people knew that all their wants would be provided for by the community?

But though Mr. Mills's plan in its present form hardly seems practicable, or even desirable, it would be well for those who understand farming to consider whether some modification of it could not be made to answer. Would it not be possible to start a co-operative farm, and to gather into one village, not the London paupers, but the specially capable and energetic of various trades? Throughout London there are many country-bred families who came here tempted by higher wages, but who found, to their disappointment, that they were worse off, and who have never had the means to return to the country. These people would welcome the chance of a new start, and would have the physical strength and habits fitting them for rural life, where a town-bred man would be quite helpless.

An example of this came under our personal observation. A family, having been brought to the brink of starvation, was moved to the north, where work was obtained for them. The wife, being country-bred, adapted herself to the life, and was full of energy and happiness. The husband, a born Londoner, in delicate health, was very helpless, and left his wife to take the man's part. On one occasion a lady noticed a new fence round the little plot of ground, and asked if the husband had made it; upon which the wife exclaimed, "No, ma'am, he couldn't do that; I dursn't trust him with a hatchet; I did it myself!" Through the energy of this woman, the plan succeeded admirably; all the children grew up strong and capable, and the whole family is now thoroughly prosperous. So much depends on choosing the right persons for such experiments. On the other hand, born Londoners, as a rule, dislike the country, and are restless and unhappy till they can return to town.

Mr. Mills evidently has an idea that if the social failures could be removed into happier circumstances, they might do well; and this, no doubt, might sometimes

be the case. But a society composed of such people is not likely to succeed. If, on the other hand, the little colony were composed of picked men whose antecedents had specially adapted them for the life; if these men went voluntarily, and were given the stimulus of wages and a share in the profits, the undertaking would be far more likely to succeed, and would benefit not only the colonists, but be the means of relieving somewhat the congestion of the towns. Such communities might also provide openings for some of the children who leave the industrial school or cottage home partially fitted for country life, but too young or with home ties which prevent their being emigrated to the colonies.

Mr. Mills certainly says truly that it is most important to bring up children in the country. This is one reason why the boarding-out of London children in country homes is such a blessing, and why country industrial schools answer so well. But often it is difficult to know what to do with these children when their school-time is over; and at about fourteen years of age they frequently return to their London homes, where much of the good that they gained is lost, and where they find it difficult to obtain employment. If such children could be placed with any of the families in the co-operative village to continue their training, and to add to the wealth of the community by their labor, it would be the means of saving many who now drift back into vice, idleness, and poverty.

Should any plan of the kind be attempted, it is to be hoped that men with business capacity will come forward with their advice and help, lest the whole scheme should fail and never have a fair trial.

From The Times.

MARY HOWITT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR, — Will you allow me to add a few particulars to your notice of the late Mrs. Howitt in the *Times*. Since my childhood I have known her, and I was allied to her by ties of affection and close kinship.

She died, as you say, at Rome, and in her death there the twofold wish of her heart was accomplished. She had ardently desired to be present at the Papal jubilee, and to sleep beside her husband, who lies in the English cemetery. In her last letter to me, written but a short time ago,

after a vivid and enthusiastic description of the coming in of the pilgrims, she speaks of the warm welcome given her by so many gathered in Rome at the present time. "It is very pleasant," she says, "to be thus kindly welcomed back by such of our old Roman friends as are still residing here, and by so many others with whom we have become acquainted of later years, so that we now find ourselves in the midst of a much larger circle of intelligent, kind, and enlightened people than it has ever been our happiness to enjoy before." A letter from her daughter received last night says of her mother:

I may truly say, I never saw any one happier than she has been these last few months. . . . A cold about Christmas time made us quite dismiss all idea for the moment of her taking part in the English deputation, and so anxious were we that she should run no risk that it was left an open question to the last moment. The morning was, however, most beautiful and springlike, and as, by the kindness of friends, every facility for her easy access to the Holy Father had been attained, she went, and was presented to him without any fatigue. The moment he saw her he welcomed her with the most cordial benignity, speaking of her going to "Paradiso," words which are remembered by us all, and more especially as they gave her such rapture at the time. So that her interview with the great and loving Vicar of Christ was to her a foretaste of Heaven. I am told that the Holy Father, now informed of her decease, will remember her in his mass to-morrow morning. The Requiem Mass is to be for her in S. Isidore to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon, by permission of the Cardinal Vicar, she is to be interred by the side of father in the Protestant cemetery. Every wish of her heart is thus fulfilled.

A few days after this prediction she passed away peacefully in her sleep. To the last her sympathy was as warm, her intelligence as ready as in the full strength of life. Her arduous literary life had never impaired her vigorous powers of mind and body. This may be attributed to the simple and healthy habits of her childhood and youth passed in her home in Uttoxeter, in the heart of Staffordshire. There, in a seclusion almost conventual in its strictness, she and her elder sister grew up, bound together by a close affection which neither marriage, nor change of faith, nor separation ever shook. Their only companions were books, and the "birds and flowers" — of which she afterwards wrote — of the large, old-fashioned garden surrounding their home. Her father, a Quaker of the sternest sort, a

student of the works of Madame Guyon, and the mystical writers of Port Royal, was of an old Staffordshire family. His wife had separated herself from her own relations to become a Friend. A woman of a naturally lively and energetic character, she seemed, in spite of her sober creed, to retain some of the quickness of her French blood inherited from a Protestant ancestor who fled from France at the time of the St. Bartholomew Massacre. This refugee, Dubois by name, who changed it to Wood on coming to England, was, I may note, a common ancestor of Mrs. Howitt and Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay). He was an ancestor likewise of the Wood attacked by Swift in the "Drapier Letters." In the high-walled garden of the Uttoxeter home, and in wanderings in the stream-fed meadows and the wooded copses that lay beyond, Mary Howitt drank in that intense love of nature, that joyous sympathy with all the beautiful creatures of God, which inspired all she wrote. Her verses, never seeking to describe for description's sake, breathe out the happiness of "bird and beast and tree." Simple, indeed, her verse was, but she sang with nature, and her verses live in the ear.

Oh, come ye into the summer woods !
There entereth no annoy,
All greenly wave the chestnut boughs,
And the earth is full of joy.

Though many of her books are out of print and may be forgotten, it is not too much to say that if every copy were lost and destroyed most of her ballads and minor poems could be again collected from the memory of those who could not forget them. An indefatigable worker, she had many occupations besides her writing. Their house in Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, was for many years a meeting-place of all that was best and brightest in the world of liberal literature of that day. She was a careful and energetic mistress of her household, the mother of many children. Her household duties were little interrupted by her literary work. She had no special room of her own, but wrote in the drawing-room, open to all comers, and would rise from her desk at every call with a smile. I remember her look as one bright morning, laying down her pen and stepping out through the open window, she took the hammer from the awkward hand of the gardener, and with a few swift, adroit strokes showed him how the creeper should be trained.

"Look," said Mr. Howitt, who stood near, "is there anything she cannot do?" She often wrote late into the night to make up time, without seeming to suffer in health, or, what is more important to the happiness of those about literary persons, exhaustion of nerves and spirits. Her rare physical strength and a most pliant temper preserved her in almost unabated enjoyment of life to the verge of ninety.

Mrs. Howitt had in the fullest degree the gift of companionableness. Her sympathy towards every one seemed inexhaustible, and drew from others an instant confidence. Some one once said of her that she had only to look at any one and they at once desired to open their hearts to her. Those who can recall her penetrating and tender regard can the more easily believe the stories told of the curious confidences given her, of the lady of wealth and rank who sent for her when dying to commit the tragic secret of her life to her keeping, or that of the poor Scotch girl who, after seeing Mrs. Howitt but once, wandered to London on foot — a second Jeanie Deans — to tell her own sad story and entreat her help for the factory-girls of her native place.

Mary Howitt was an excellent storyteller, and the commonest incident — a journey to London in the omnibus, a humdrum dinner-party, everything had a charm if told by her.

Her letters of late years from the Tyrol, where she and her daughter have spent their summers, while Miss Howitt wrote her "Life of Overbeck," have given bright and vivid pictures of their life among the devout peasant people, of the visits of the many English and American friends who year by year have journeyed thither to see them, of the building of their pleasant new home, Marienruhe, near Meran. Surrounded by a small and devoted circle of friends, among the kindest and best-beloved the excellent Duke Carl Theodore, the "Doctor Duke," as he is called, and his family; in the midst of a scene of tranquil mountain beauty, working in her garden, writing her last work, "The Reminiscences," her afternoons filled by the visits of her friends, Mary Howitt has passed an old age of rare vivacity, activity, and happiness. A near relative, after a visit to Marienruhe last spring, describes the small aged figure in old-fashioned black silk gown and black lace hood — "not unlike the fairy godmother of the fairy tales" — standing amid the clustering roses of the verandah to receive her

guests, her eyes and smile as bright as those of youth, or those of the little children who ran forward to kiss her hand.

You will pardon these few particulars. They will through your pages reach the eyes of many in her own land and elsewhere who desire to know something of the end of a beautiful, bright, and saintly life. I am, sir, yours, etc., A. M.

Hampstead, Feb. 4.

From "The Life and Times of John Wilkes."
ANECDOTES OF JOHN WILKES.*

WILKES's full account of his duel with Lord Talbot is given. The rendezvous was Bagshot Heath. Wilkes writes: "I found Lord Talbot in an agony of passion. He said that I had injured, that I had insulted him, that he was not used to be injured or insulted; what did I mean? Did I, or did I not, write 'The North Briton'?" He would know; he insisted on a direct answer; here were his pistols. I replied that he would soon use them, that I desired to know by what right his lordship catechised me about a paper which did not bear my name. . . . His lordship insisted on finishing the affair immediately. I told him that I should very soon be ready, that I did not mean to quit him, but would absolutely first settle some important business. After the waiter had brought pen, ink, and paper, I proposed that the door of the room might be locked, and not opened until our business was decided. Lord Talbot, on this proposition, became quite outrageous, declared that this was mere butchery, and that I was a wretch who sought his life. I reminded him that I came there on a point of honor, to give his lordship satisfaction, that I mentioned the circumstance of locking the door only to prevent all possibility of interruption. He then said he admired me exceedingly, really loved me, but I was an unaccountable animal—such parts! But would I kill him, who had never offended me? etc. He soon after flamed out again, and said to me, 'You are a murderer, you want to kill me; but I am sure that I shall kill you; I know I shall, by God. If you will fight, if you kill me, I hope you will be hanged. I know you will.' I asked if I was first

to be killed and afterwards hanged; that I knew his lordship fought me with the king's pardon in his pocket, and I fought him with a halter about my neck; that I would fight him for all that. . . . When I had sealed my letter, I told Lord Talbot that I was entirely at his service, and I again desired that we might decide the affair in the room, because there could not be a possibility of interruption; but he was quite inexorable. He then asked me how many times we should fire. I said that I left it to his choice; I had brought a flask of powder and a bag of bullets. Our seconds then charged the pistols which my lord had brought. We then left the inn and walked to a garden at some distance from the house. It was near seven, and the moon shone very bright. We stood about eight yards distant, and agreed not to turn round before we fired, but to continue facing each other. Harris gave the word. Both our fires were in very exact time, but neither took effect. I walked up immediately to Lord Talbot and told him that now I avowed the paper. His lordship paid me the highest encomiums on my courage, and said *he would declare everywhere that I was the noblest fellow God had ever made.*"

The discreditable side of Wilkes's character is shown by his obtaining £400 for a "History of England" which he represented as "nearly finished," but which he had in fact but barely begun, and never finished. *Appropos* of the duel with Samuel Martin, secretary to the treasury under Lord Bute, the following curious incident—"one not known"—is related: "Wilkes would have been killed by the bullet but for a fortunate accident. He had been hit in the delicate region of the groin; but the ball first struck two of his metal buttons, and had thus spent its force. An ardent admirer placed the coat and waistcoat buttons in a silver box, on which was the following comic inscription: 'These two simple but invaluable Buttons Preserved the Life of my Beloved and Honest friend John Wilkes, in a duel fought with Mr. Martin on the Sixteenth of November, 1763, where true courage and humanity distinguished him in a manner scarcely known in former ages;' with more of the same high-flown panegyric."

Mr. Fitzgerald states also that "Wilkes's share in the conflict which raged for many years between the king and his ministers on the one hand and the city fathers on the other" is now for the first time re-

* From "The Life and Times of John Wilkes, M.P., Lord Mayor of London, and Chamberlain," by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, just published by Messrs. Ward & Downey.

corded in detail in these volumes, and will be found an interesting contribution to the history of London. This was in the case of the printers Thompson and Wheble, who were proceeded against for printing reports of and comments on the debates in Parliament. At first the House of Commons ordered the printers to appear before it, but as the order was disregarded, the serjeant-at-arms was sent to arrest the delinquents. A "plan of campaign" was then arranged. "One Carpenter, a printer, was engaged to denounce Wheble; and a constable being at hand, Wheble was arrested and carried before a magistrate. Wilkes, by arrangement, was sitting at the Guildhall, and decided that it was an illegal arrest, and released him. But a more serious incident—which was to raise the real question—occurred on the same day. One Miller, another of the printers accused, was arrested by a king's messenger, under the speaker's warrant. Resistance was made, and a struggle took place; when a constable—purposely stationed close at hand by the Wilkites—instead of aiding the messenger, as he expected, arrested both, and brought them to the Mansion House. That evening, about 6 o'clock, an exciting scene occurred. The lord mayor, Wilkes, and Oliver were on the bench, and were about to deal with the case, when the deputy serjeant appeared and, in the name of the Commons, demanded that the messenger should be released, and Miller handed over to his custody. The city magistrates, with an antique spirit, positively declined to do so. Miller was discharged, and the messenger was held to have assaulted a citizen of London. An order was made out committing him to gaol, 'given under our hands, 15th day of May, 1771, Brass Crosby, Mayor, John Wilkes, Richard Oliver.' On the request of the serjeant-at-arms, the lord mayor, 'with seeming reluctance,' agreed to accept bail. This cleverly arranged *coup* caused much consternation, for the House of Commons saw with an instinct of dread that what was really impending was nothing less than a renewal of their contest with Wilkes."

A day or two later, the lord mayor, Wilkes, and Oliver were summoned to attend the House. The two others obeyed, but Wilkes stayed away. The lord mayor was allowed to go home, as he was seriously ill, and it was then suggested that his co-criminal Alderman Oliver could be dealt with on the spot. He defied the House, and was sent to the Tower. But

Wilkes had still to be disposed of. "Three times he was directed to appear, and three times he treated the notice with contempt. Goaded into doing something which should save them from utter contempt, the House was obliged to order that Wilkes should attend. Again no notice was taken of the summons. A further order was issued for April 8. As the day drew near and it was known that he would not present himself, they shrank from this fresh mortification. It will hardly be credited how pusillanimous was their next step. They actually had recourse to the subterfuge of adjourning over the day, to April 9, so as to avoid the conflict. Wilkes must have chuckled over this tribute to his power, thus contriving to humiliate the House in return for all it had made him suffer. The king, too, had the same horror of him, and wrote to his ministers: 'I will have nothing more to do with that devil Wilkes.' Indeed, their conduct excited general derision. Some called it 'a pitiful evasion,' and declared it was evidence of 'conscious guilt.' Wilkes, who might well boast of his victory, heard no more of the matter. The others were detained prisoners—he went about free—until the end of the session. Thus ended this extraordinary episode, the most conspicuous of Wilkes's many triumphs."

From St. James's Gazette.

THE KAISER'S DAY'S WORK.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Berliner Tageblatt* gives an interesting account of the way in which the emperor William, at the end of his ninety-first year, ordinarily spends his day. We summarize this article, supplementing it with some information obtained from private sources.

The emperor is now able to devote fourteen hours out of every twenty-four to the various duties of his exalted position. During the whole of that time he wears his uniform and his military boots. Quite recently his physicians prescribed for him a new programme for the employment of his waking hours, and it is said to have been adopted with great benefit.

At seven o'clock in the morning a valet enters the emperor's bedroom with a small cup of tea, which his Majesty drinks before he rises. In former years it was his custom to rise when he felt that he had slept long enough, and to go at once to

his dressing-room; but of late, upon the recommendation of his physicians, he has made it his habit to lie in bed for an hour and a half after waking. At half past eight the emperor quits his bed, and, with very little assistance, dresses himself. He has three personal servants who take turns in waiting upon him for twenty-four hours at a time. These are his wardrobe-man Engel, and his two valets Ukermarker and Krause.

At nine o'clock the Kaiser goes to his library, where he breakfasts, usually on tea and toast. On Tuesdays and Fridays, however, breakfast is served about twenty minutes earlier than usual, and by nine o'clock his Majesty is in his study, where he receives the report of the president of police. On other days the emperor does not begin work until twenty minutes after nine. His first business is to open letters and sign documents. Punctually at ten o'clock Herr von Wilmowski, the chief of the Civil Cabinet, arrives for a brief interview; and from that hour audience succeeds audience until half past twelve, when the emperor takes his second breakfast. This invariably consists of a basin of plain soup and some meat of an easily digestible kind. The menu for breakfast and for dinner is drawn up by a physician in consultation with the cook, and then submitted to the emperor, who generally makes some slight alteration; but there is no foundation for the stories that have been told of his inordinate fondness for hot boiled lobsters and crabs. The doctors have ordered the Kaiser to drink a glass of good old Bordeaux with his breakfast as well as with his dinner; but the emperor cares little for wine, and compromises the matter by deluging his Château Margaux with natural Seltzer water. When the guard is changed, the emperor seldom fails to appear at the well-known window of his palace to return the salutations of the crowd which is always assembled without. After the second breakfast there are more audiences and interviews, until it is time for the Kaiser to take his daily drive. He usually returns at about three o'clock, and at once resumes work. Between three and five the higher officials of the empire have audience; and at five dinner is announced. It lasts one hour, and immediately afterwards the emperor goes back to his study, where, for an hour, he reads the newspapers of the day or has passages from them

read to him. At seven he orders his carriage, and, if he has nothing more important to do, goes either to the theatre or to the opera. He has always been a great lover of the drama, and he is very unwilling to allow anything to interfere with his evening's enjoyment of it; yet he has for many years made it a rule never to go to the theatre while the body of one of the leaders of his armies or of any old political servant lies unburied. When the emperor returns from the theatre tea is served, and some time is spent in social conversation; but at about ten o'clock his Majesty goes once more to his study, to give attention to any pressing matters that may have come up during the day. When he has dealt with these he goes to his room, and at eleven o'clock the valet of the day leaves him, taking away the lamp and leaving a lighted night-light on the table by the bedside. The emperor sleeps uncommonly well, and the tinkle of the electric bell which rings in the neighboring room in which sits the valet on duty is very seldom heard during the night.

The Kaiser likes to have a vase filled with corn-flowers on his study table, and declares that if there be no corn-flowers there will be no work done. Flowers for this vase are therefore specially grown in a forcing-house at Potsdam all the year round. For making marginal notes upon public documents the emperor uses a long and very thick pencil. This also has to be specially prepared for him; but for years he used an ordinary carpenter's pencil, and he only relinquished it when it was represented to him that the softness of the lead caused his writing to smear and become undecipherable. His Majesty neither smokes nor takes snuff, and any spare moments that may be at his disposal during the day are spent with the empress, in whose presence he is always most punctilious and attentive. At the time of the attempted assassination of the emperor by Nobiling, in 1878, the empress was in very bad health; and she was unable to go to her husband's room until some days after the event. At last she dragged herself down-stairs to his apartments, ejaculating, "How happy I shall be to see thee again!" The Kaiser, whose room was full of officers and whose door was open, heard her and laughingly shouted, "Well, come along, wife; come along!" And when the empress appeared both burst into tears.

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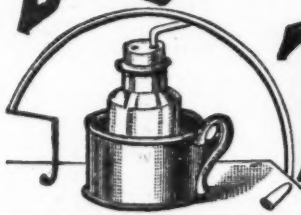
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"REV. A. A. JOHNSON,

"President of Wesleyan College.

"Fort Worth, Texas, Nov. 2, 1885."

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